

THE GEOGRAPHIC

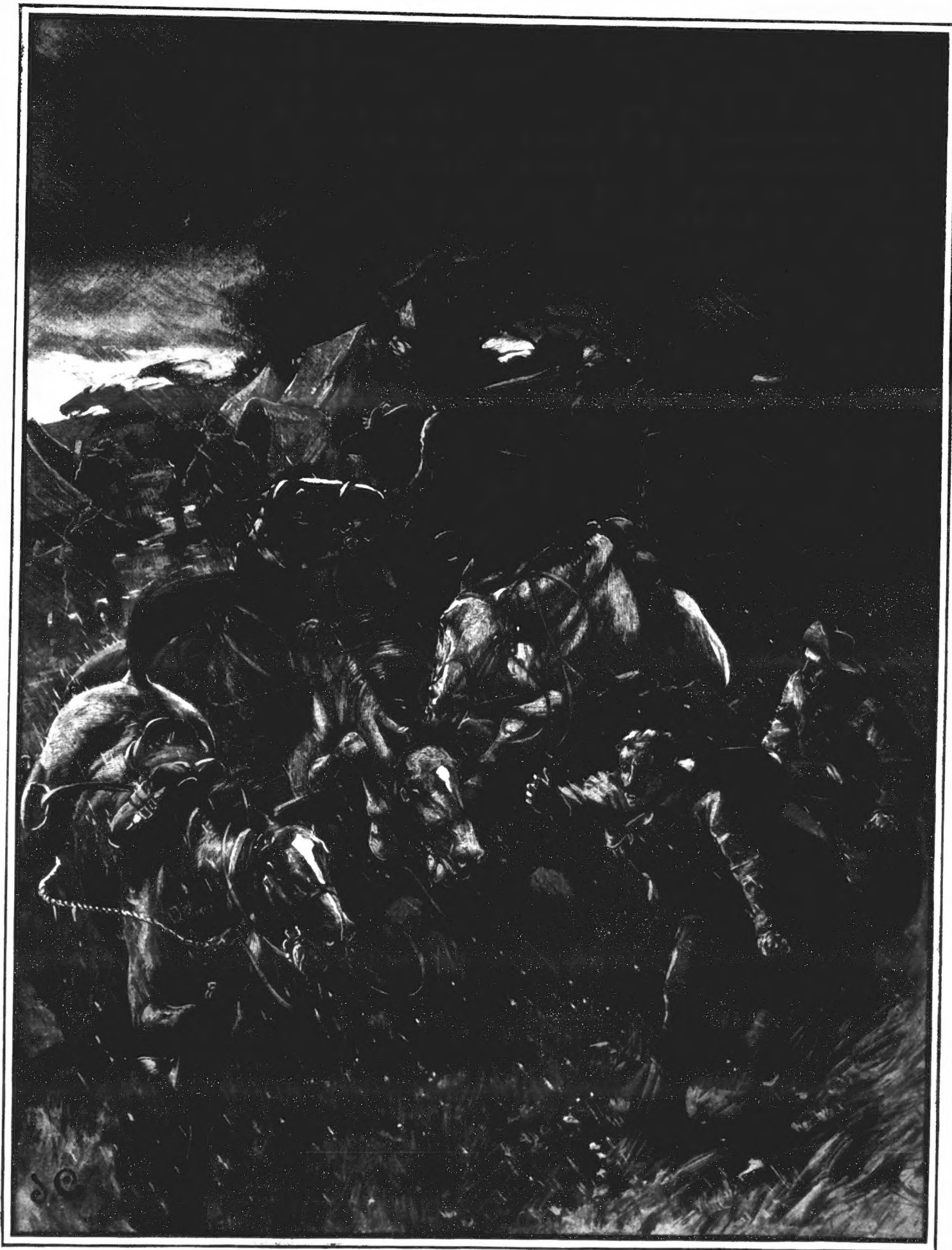
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1902

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT
"Gitan"

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DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

FROM A SKETCH BY F. J. MACKENZIE

"A terrific storm burst over the neighbourhood of Jagersfontein the other day, writes a correspondent, causing Colonel Western's column to stampede. We were saddled up ready to start, when the storm suddenly broke. Large hailstones came pelting down; some of them were, without exaggeration, the size of pigeons' eggs, and a few almost as big as a hen's egg. The horses became frantic in their fright, leaping the stone walls of the kraals and bolting off madly. A good number were drowned in the spruit close by, and others were so badly maimed that we had to shoot them."

A WILD STAMPEDE: THE EFFECT OF A SOUTH AFRICAN HAIL-STORM

Topics of the Week

The Hopes of Peace A COUPLE of weeks must yet elapse before the results of the recent Peace Conference at Pretoria are announced. Meanwhile, although nothing is known in detail of the communication which passed between the Boer leaders and

Lords Milner and Kitchener, the facts that the Conference was held on the initiative of the Boers, and that the latter have determined to throw the responsibility for a decision on the burghers, have inspired on all sides a very hopeful feeling. It could scarcely be otherwise. The Boers are not as other men, and their psychology has methods of its own, which often defy the common calculus of probabilities; but still the facts, so far as they are known, justify a certain degree of optimism. In the first place, if the Boer leaders had not realised the hopelessness of their position, they would not have gone to Pretoria to seek terms of peace. In the second place, having gone there and having ascertained the views of the British Government, they would not have consented to submit those views to their constituents had they thought that a continuance of the war was preferable to submission. Finally, if all we have heard of the rank and file of the Boer commandoes is true—and it must be remembered that our most significant information is derived from the letters of Messrs. Schalk Burger, Reitz and Steyn seized by the British Intelligence Department—there can be little doubt of their readiness to lay down their arms if only reasonable concessions to their material interests are made. The determination to take a sort of Boer referendum on the terms of peace is indeed the most hopeful of all the signs. On all previous occasions of negotiations, or attempted negotiations, the leaders have left their followers altogether out of their reckonings. Not only have they not proposed to consult them, but they have taken the most drastic precautions to prevent any communications relating to peace from reaching them. The reversal of this attitude clearly means that the leaders have at length come to the conclusion that their own scheme of settlement is hopeless, and that they do not care to support any longer the responsibility for a struggle which can only end in the annihilation of the Boer people. We do not for one moment imagine that the burghers will prove more obdurate than the leaders who have had so frequently to urge them into the fighting line with the sjambok. When once they are made acquainted with the true facts of the situation, their decision will be in favour of peace. Of course, much will depend upon the way in which the Boer leaders place the case before them. But what reason is there for believing that they are not as anxious for peace as the National Scouts themselves? If they were still intent on fighting to the bitter end, they could gain nothing by consulting their followers, for either the burghers agree with them, and in that case a consultation would be superfluous, or they are disposed to disagree with them, and in that case it would be suicidal.

The Shipping Combine THE establishment of a combination of several of the principal shipping lines that traverse the Atlantic arouses a fear that some day we may see realised the conditions which Mr. Wells imagined in his picture of what will happen When the Sleeper Wakes. It will be wise, however, not to give way too soon to any such foreboding. Experience has shown that the best planned combinations often come to grief. In the United States, where the Trust system, has, of course, extended far more than in England, owing to the protection afforded by the tariff, a considerable opposition has been aroused, and some, at any rate, of the Trusts have already found that they can only carry on business at reduced profit. The truth is that in order to form a Trust it is necessary to buy up existing firms at such extravagant rates that the combination starts work overlaid with unproductive capital. It is consequently at a disadvantage as compared with new firms starting afresh and only using the capital that they require for working. In England the few Trusts so far founded have possibly done well for the original founders, but, without doubt, badly for the shareholders. A shipping Trust, it is important to realise, can obtain no protection from any favouring tariff like the Steel Trust and others established in the United States. It will have to fight for its own hand against the possible competition of the world, and though the Trust will doubtless try to choke off competition by

buying up competing firms, it must be remembered that each rival that is bought up adds to the weight of the dead capital on which the Trust will have to pay interest. In order to pay that interest it will have to put up its prices to such a figure as to tempt fresh competitors to enter the field. It is significant that the Cunard and several other important lines have elected to remain outside the combination. On these grounds we can regard the progress of the Trust movement with a certain amount of equanimity. It is probably only a phase of industrial development, introducing, indeed, many awkward perturbations in the balance of economic forces, but by no means destroying those fundamental motives of human nature which inspire men to ceaselessly strive with one another for the hope of gain. Until that main motive disappears, the life of Trusts and Combines and Rings will remain at the best precarious.

Unrest in Russia IN spite of the brilliant success of the late Russian loan, the St. Petersburg Government must take a very grave view of the general situation. Unrest is steadily spreading throughout the huge Empire, and it is no longer safe to continue the old policy of "sitting on the safety valve." It was a far-sighted statesman who predicted that as education advanced, the popular clamour for reasonably free institutions would become more and more strenuous. The Russian people do not yet demand Constitutional Government, not being sufficiently acquainted with that system of governance to determine whether it would meet their aspirations. What they claim is some substitute for Cossack rule and bureaucratic tyranny; there is no abatement as yet of their profound personal loyalty to the Tsar. On the contrary, they would only too probably be greatly delighted if, like the Kaiser, he took the reins into his own hands. But the Russian bureaucracy is far more difficult to get rid of than any single Minister, even a Bismarck. All the departmental chiefs work together, hand in hand, as the barons did in the reign of King John, to reduce the Sovereign's prestige and prerogatives to the merest simulacrum, and only a very strong and resolute Emperor would have a chance against this powerful league. The students and their new allies, the workmen, might almost be regarded, therefore, as championing the Tsar's cause, although the proceedings taken against them for rioting are in his name. But so long as the Army can be relied upon to back the bureaucracy, popular commotions can produce little effect. The crux will come when the military mind accords sympathetic reception to the new ideas fermenting among the civilian population. The world saw what terrible consequences resulted to France when Lafayette's veterans, returned from helping British rebels on the other side of the Atlantic, brought back with them revolutionary notions and taught them to the nation at large.

The Anti-Cancer Crusade THE Duchess of Bedford and her influential colleagues must be quite satisfied, we should imagine, with the rapid progress accomplished in starting the anti-cancer campaign. It is not only that a considerable portion of the large sum required to launch the enterprise is already in hand or in sight, but the public mind has swung round from rather contemptuous scepticism to a large measure of belief in the eventual success of the endeavour. There are a good many, it is true, who still deny the curability of cancer, except by excision of the affected part in the earliest stage. But the scientific investigation of the disease which is now about to make a beginning will concern itself more with its origin than with the best method of medical treatment. The inquiry, to be thoroughly exhaustive—it will be of little worth unless it has that character—must, of necessity, occupy a considerable number of years; it has to start very largely, if not entirely, from the unknown, there being no existing fund of trustworthy information on which to draw. Of conjectures and theories there are a superabundance, but as they rest on little or no evidence, their value is slight. All we know is that, although cancer appears to be hereditary in some families, it often lays hold of victims whose ancestors never suffered from the disease. Sometimes, a trifling laceration of the mouth has a cancerous outcome; but for one case of the sort, there are hundreds, probably thousands, in which no such tragic consequences followed. Again, there is the hypothesis, supported to some extent by statistics, that clay soils are more congenial to the disease than gravel. But even if the proof of this assumption were much more convincing than is the case at present, it would not go far to account for the fact that only a microscopic minority of those who live above sixty or seventy feet of London clay ever make personal acquaintance with cancer.

The Bystander

"Stand by." CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

SINCE the doom of the Lowther Arcade was decided, the destroyers have lost but little time in setting about their work. I gazed through the railings only the other day, at the risk of having broken bricks on my hat and getting my coat covered with powdered mortar, and found the demolition was proceeding merrily. The gay colours that used to add a charm to the Arcade had disappeared, and the floor was covered with broken masonry, with larks of timber and rubbish. I was indescribably shocked to see a real horse and cart standing within the precincts of the ruined arcade, on the very spot whence emanated the first wheeled vehicle I ever possessed. I can recollect that very wooden horse with a rabbit's skin mane and rollers for feet, as it it were only yesterday, and can distinctly recall the cart with a tilt, which was inscribed "T. Whiskin, Paddington, Carrer." All the skylights had been removed from the roof of the building, the bright spring sunshine darted through the apertures, and the dim arcades light that used to give a mysterious charm to the place, had altogether disappeared. The whole building seemed to be deprived of its dignity, and its vast space and majesty seemed to have dwindled down to a dilapidated tunnel of very commonplace proportions. I was rather sorry to see the belief of my childhood so rudely shattered, and to find how many years I had been taken in. I had rather an affection for the place, for I believe one of the first articles I ever had in print was inspired by it. However, it will soon be gone. The destroyers are working vigorously, and *coûte que coûte*, or, rather, *Coûts que coûte*—it is rapidly disappearing. Probably, by the time these lines are in print it will have ceased to exist altogether.

Brighton appears to be suffering a good deal from railways just now. The inhabitants have only just succeeded in shelving the electric railway, when they are threatened with the introduction of the mono-rail. In addition to this, there is talk of imperilling the beauty and enjoyment of the township by running electric-trams along the front. This, I understand, is likely to be vigorously opposed by all who have the real welfare and prosperity of the town at heart. It is true for many years past electric-trams have traversed the front at Blackpool, but that is rather a different matter. There is but very little wheel and equestrian traffic along the front at the last-named town. If you interfere with the roadway between Kemp Town and Hove you rob Brighton of one of its most attractive features. The Brightonians should be very wary about the encouragement of any of these schemes. If once the place becomes overcrowded, and the merry Dr. Brighton of Thackeray becomes the pompous, plethoric physician of to-day, the prosperity of the place will be seriously threatened.

In a recent article in the *Academy* may be read the following lines:—"There was a time, not many years ago, when the healthy Englishman and Englishwoman giggled at the exhibitions of the New English Art Club. The giggling showed unintelligence, with a lack of objective sympathy, and little did the gigglers know how near they were to being turned out of the gallery by enraged painters and others." I feel rather sorry that the "enraged painters and others" did not carry out their design. For the matter would probably have ended in a police-court, where several nice points of law would have been discussed. Some people hold that it is not permissible to hiss at a theatre, but I am not aware that it is against the law to giggle at a picture. Besides, the giggler might put in all sorts of pleas to show he was not doing wrong with intent. He might plead that he thought it was a comic picture, and he considered it was a testimony to the artist's success when the spectator's risible faculties were so excited as to be beyond all control. He might also urge that if it were a serious picture, and had provoked the laughter of the visitors, the artist had been most assuredly guilty of obtaining a laugh under false pretences. I can see a wide field for argument in the case, and I am not sure, after all, that the gigglers would have got the worst of it.

Those people who appear to derive endless amusement from building or repairing houses that abut on the public footpath, and in compelling the public to forego the privilege of walking on their own pavement, should endeavour to be a little more considerate to their victims. They should always take care that the temporary planked footpath be made wide enough for comfort. One that I traverse daily is so narrow that two average-sized persons cannot pass without turning sideways. This is very awkward. But when it occurs that two stout persons meet it is very embarrassing. It frequently happens that well-favoured people are as broad as they are deep, and turning sideways by no means mends the business. All they can do is to keep on turning, and the man who is the strongest and who possesses the greatest endurance, will probably be the first to emerge from the difficulty.

"WHERE CRIMINALS ARE HEROES,"

AND

"HOW NEW ZEALAND BECAME A BRITISH COLONY,"

Are among the Interesting Articles in This Week's

GOLDEN PENNY.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "GRAPHIC"
are as follows:—To any part of the United Kingdom 1d. per copy
irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be
1d. **FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES.** Care should, therefore, be taken to
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FESTIVAL OF THE SONS OF THE CLERGY.

(Instituted A.D. 1655).

The **TWO HUNDRED and FORTY-EIGHTH FESTIVAL** will be
celebrated under the Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral on Wednesday, 30th April.
Choir of 250 Voices and full Orchestra.

Service commences at half-past three with Sir Arthur Sullivan's "In
Memoriam." The Anthem will be Sir Hubert Parry's setting of Milton's ode,
"At a Solemn Music." The "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis" will be sung
to music by Eaton Fanning in C, which was composed for this Festival in the
year 1882.

The Rev. Preb. EDGAR C. SUMNER GIBSON, D.D., Vicar of Leeds
and Chaplain in Ordinary to the King, will PREACH.

Handel's Coronation Anthem, "Zadok, the Priest," will conclude the Service.

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, Archbishops and Bishops, Stewards, &c., will
attend.

The **ANNUAL DINNER** will take place on the same day, at six o'clock for
half-past six precisely, in Merchant Taylors' Hall, the LORD MAYOR
Presiding, supported by the Sheriffs, Archbishops, Bishops, Stewards, &c.

STEWARDS.

The Earl Beauchamp, K.C.M.G. (3rd time)	Rev. Canon William Benham, D.D. (3rd time)
The Lord Bishop of Durham	Rev. Hubert M. Burge, D.D., Head Master of Winchester College
The Lord Bishop of Lincoln (4th time)	Rev. Henry T. Cart, M.A. (2nd time)
The Lord Bishop of St. Albans (3rd time)	Rev. Henry M. Davey, M.A., F.S.A., F.G.S., Chancellor of Chichester Cathedral (4th time)
The Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells (2nd time)	Rev. Henry K. Gamble, M.A.
The Lord Bishop of Rochester (2nd time)	Rev. William J. Hall, M.A. (4th time)
The Lord Bishop of Bristol	Rev. Walter Lock, D.D., Warden of Keble College, Oxford
The Lord Bishop of Bangor (4th time)	Rev. Robert Mashiter, M.A. (6th time)
The Lord Harris, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.	Rev. Canon Charles F. Norman, M.A. (7th time)
The Lord Hillingdon	Rev. Ernest H. Pearce, M.A. (2nd time)
The Right Hon. Sir Joseph C. Dimsdale, M.P., Lord Mayor (3rd time)	Rev. Lewis N. Prance, M.A. (5th time)
Sir William R. Anson, Bart., D.C.L., M.P., Warden of All Souls' College, Oxford (2nd time)	Rev. Wentworth Watson, M.A.
The Rev. Sir E. Graham Moon, Bart., M.A. (8th time)	Rev. G. Cosby White, M.A. (15th time)
Sir Reginald Hanson, Bart., LL.D., Alderman (21st time)	Rev. J. Beck Wickes, M.A. (20th time)
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Sir Robert G. C. Mowbray, Bart., M.P.	Alfred Baldwin, Esq., M.P. (9th time)
Rev. Sir Borradaile Savory, Bart., M.A. (2nd time)	Henry B. Blandy, Esq. (5th time)
Sir Thomas Smith, Bart., K.C.V.O. (4th time)	George C. Bompas, Esq. (3rd time)
General Sir Edward N. Newdegate, K.C.B.	Lieut.-Col. Alfred J. Copeland, F.S.A. (15th time)
Sir Horatio Davies, K.C.M.G., M.P., Alderman (12th time)	Walter D. Cronin, Esq. (10th time)
Mr. Alderman Pound (2nd time)	Rev. Harry Stovell Cronin, B.D., Dean of Trinity Hall, Cambridge (11th time)
Sir W. Purdie Treloar, Alderman (3rd time)	Archibald Day, Esq. (8th time)
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Rev. A. H. Sansay Barwell, M.A., Prebendary of Chichester (6th time)	Frederick Morgan, Esq. (5th time)

Stewards for the first time present a donation of 30 gs. or upwards, and those who have held the office before a donation of not less than 20 gs.

Stewards become Governors of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy.

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VEOMANRY, will take place at the Grafton Galleries, Grafton Street, on
FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1902.

TICKETS at £1 10s. each, can be obtained from THE ADJUTANT,
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OPEN MAY TO NOVEMBER.

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beautiful in the garden country of Ireland, and extends to over forty acres.

Cork City is the radiating centre of some of the loveliest tourist trips
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R. A. ATKINS, J.P., HONORARY SECRETARY.

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The most remarkable entertainment and variety show ever presented in the
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Promenade, 1s.

ROYAL AQUARIUM—A GRAND SHOW.

Visitors can remain to all the Performances.

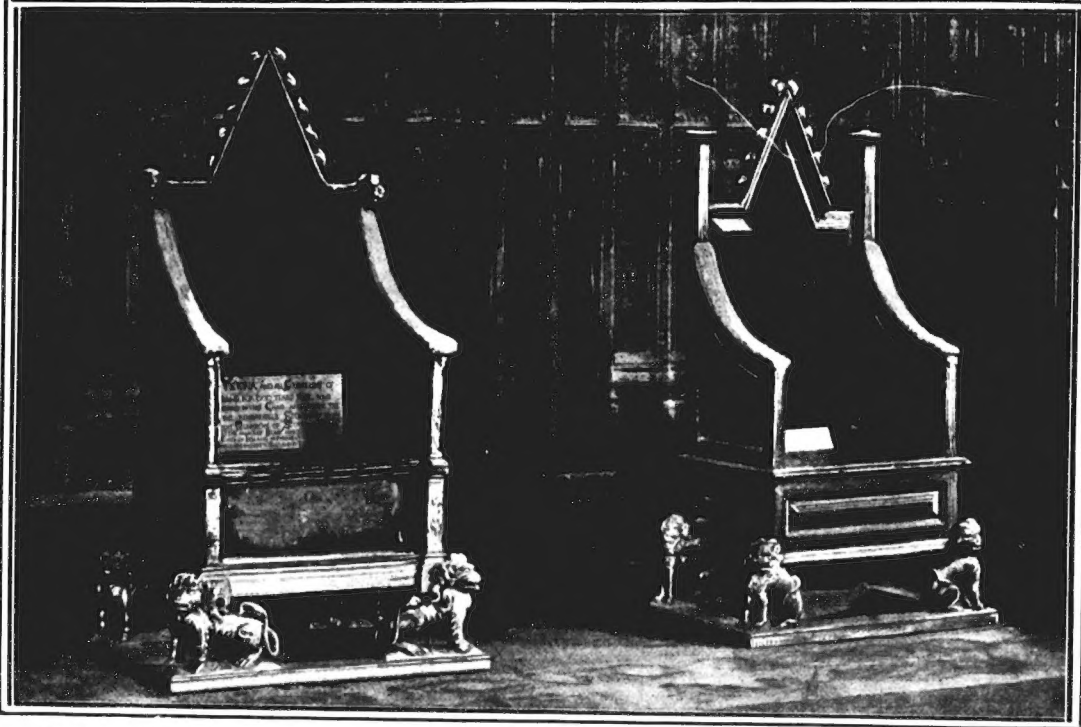
Promenade, 1s.; stalls (Afternoon or Evening), 3s., 2s.; chairs, 1s.	
10.30 a.m. Hour's Conjuring	7.0 p.m. Full Orchestral Band
11.30 a.m. Wieland, Serio Comic	7.5 The Sketch Family
11.40 The Musical Bowens	7.22 Bloomfield's Ring Act
12.10 Learto and Dog Bals	7.28 Charming Little Lillian
12.38 Charming Little Lillian	7.33 The Musical Clowns
12.48 The Adler Trio	7.43 Circus Act, Gruber
1.0 to 2.0 The Koin Conjurers	7.50 Jolly Joe Colverd
1.0 to 2.0 Grand Organ Recitals	7.55 Circus, The Powells
2.0 p.m. The World's Great Show	8.0 Circus, Mlle. Kling's Six Liberty Horses
2.0 p.m. Full Orchestral Band	8.7 The Tall Tenor
2.5 Chiyokichis' Wonders	8.12 The Dunedin Cyclists
2.16 Circus, Gruber "Liberty"	8.24 Circus, High School
2.22 Musical Clowns	8.30 The Boxing Horses
2.28 Circus, Powell's Vaulting	8.42 The Female Blondin
2.33 Jolly Joe Colverd	8.58 A Bull Fight
2.40 Circus, High School	9.0 Circus Act, Bolero
2.47 Circus, Mlle. Kling	9.7 The Clown Trio
2.56 Sisters Woerth, Dancers	9.17 Circus Act, Powells
3.2 Wal Robins, Comic	9.30 Circus Act, Bisini's 10 Arabian Horses
3.12 Circus, Tandem	9.44 The Living Pictures
3.17 The Female Blondin	10.0 Grand Swimming Entertainment
3.32 Circus, Mlle. Bisini	10.10 Grand Organ
3.37 The Boxing Horses	10.15 Mlle. Kyrle
3.50 A Bull Fight	10.20 Full Orchestral Band
3.52 The Musical Lindsay	10.25 Wal Robins, Comic
4.2 The Dunedin Cyclists	10.35 Circus, Vaulting Act
4.14 Circus, The Powells	10.40 The Adler Trio
4.26 The Acrobatic Clowns	10.50 Circus, Tandem Gruber
4.36 Circus Act, Bisini's 10 Arabian Horses	10.55 Musical Clowns
4.50 The Living Pictures	11.5 Chiyokichis' Japanese
5.5 Grand Swimming Entertainment	11.15 Sisters Woerth, Dancers
5.20 Concert and Organ Solo	11.25 Grand March
5.45 Conjuring Entertainment	
7.0 p.m. The World's Great Show	

DR. LUNN'S ARRANGEMENTS.

**THE CORONATION PROCESSIONS.—TRAFALGAR
SQUARE, GRAND STAND**, commanding both Routes, near view,
Coronation Day, from £4 4s. and upwards, for the two days. Other sites at
different points on the two Routes.

THE NAVAL REVIEW.—In addition to the three large vessels, all
the berths on which have been already taken, Dr. Lunn will send the
ss. **PRETORIA**, tonnage 13,234, and the ss. **LA GASCOGNE**, tonnage
7,385, for a three days' cruise.

£3 13s. 6d.—Cruise on the magnificent ss. **QUEEN VICTORIA**, of the
Isle of Man Steam Packet Company. Full particulars from Secretary,
5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.



The chair on the left will be used by the King at his Coronation. It has been used at the Coronations of the Sovereigns of England for 600 years. Under the chair is seen the famous stone upon which Monarchs of Scotland were crowned. It was brought to England by Edward I. in 1296. The other chair, on which the Queen will sit to be crowned, was made for Queen Mary in 1689, and was last used by Queen Adelaide in 1831. Our photograph is by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

THE CORONATION CHAIRS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY



This fountain was presented to the city of Florence by the English residents there, in commemoration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, and of her three visits to Florence in 1888, 1893 and 1894. It stands in the Piazza degli Zuavi, is the work of the Venetian architect, Signor Lorenzo Priuli-Bon, and is of red Verona marble.

A QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL AT FLORENCE



De Wet

De Villiers

Jan Meyer

Hendrik Truther

As the result of a big drive on Majuba Day, some fifty Boers were killed and 750 captured by Major-General Elliott. The prisoners included General Christian De Wet's son, who has for some time been his father's private secretary. Commandants Meyer and Truther and several Field Cornets. Our photograph is by Mrs. George Law.

A GROUP OF BOER COMMANDANTS CAPTURED ON MAJUBA DAY NEAR HARRISMITH



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

The resourceful blue-jackets, when keen on a game, are not easily put off by lack of appliances. With caps for bats, and a net made of a few rope-yarns stretched between two pieces of broom-handle stuck into bars of ordinary yellow soap, they play, on the mess table, some most exciting tournaments, either with ordinary Ping-Pong balls, or, sometimes, even with home-made ones.

FUN IN THE DINNER-HOUR ON A BATTLESHIP: PING-PONG ON THE LOWER DECK

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT C. G. A. LEXBY



THE LATE LIEUTENANT G. H. TURNER
Died of enteric at Kroomstad



THE LATE LIEUTENANT C. L. CHURCHILL
Died of wounds received at Boschbult



THE LATE CAPTAIN G. V. CLARKE
Killed at Uitslaecht



THE LATE CAPTAIN GASPARD LE MARCHANT
Killed at Boschbult



THE LATE LIEUTENANT M. KNOWLES
Died of wounds received at Leeuwkop

War Portraits

CAPTAIN GASPARD DE COLIGNY LE MARCHANT, who was killed in action at Boschbult, Kleinhar's River, was gazetted to the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers in May, 1898. He became lieutenant in January, 1899, and obtained his captaincy in June, 1901. He went to South Africa from Malta with the Mounted Infantry in December, 1901, and was severely wounded at Klip River in February, 1902. He was the only son of Mr. Seymour Le Marchant, and great grand son of General Le Marchant, who distinguished himself in the Peninsular War, and fell at the head of the Heavy Cavalry Brigade at Salamanca, and grandson of the late General Sir Gaspard Le Marchant, G.C.M.G. and K.C.B. Captain Le Marchant was in his twenty-third year. Our portrait is by Lambert Weston and Son, Folkestone.

Lieutenant Charles Lionel Churchill died at Klerksloep, from wounds received in action at Boschbult, Kleinhar's River. He belonged to one of the oldest families in Dorsetshire, was educated at Wellington College, and obtained his commission in the 3rd Battalion of the Hampshire Regiment in June, 1900. He served with his battalion at Aldershot till disembodied in December, and shortly afterwards volunteered for active service in South Africa. At the time of his death he was in the 28th Company Mounted Infantry. Lieutenant Churchill was only in his nineteenth year, and was, therefore, one of the youngest of the officers who have given up their lives in the present war. He was the only son of Lieut.-Colonel C. M. Churchill, of Holmwood Park, Wimborne. Our portrait is by Mallia, Malta.

Captain George Vernon Clarke, who was killed at Uitslaecht, was

attached to the 87th Battery of the Royal Field Artillery. He joined the Army in March, 1893, his step following in March, 1896. He was promoted to the rank of captain in May, 1900. Our portrait is by Latayette, Dublin.

Lieutenant Malcolm Knowles, of the 1st Royal Dragoons, died from wounds received at Leeuwkop. He received his commission in August, 1900, and in April last year he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant. Our portrait is by Lambert Weston and Son, Folkestone.

Lieutenant George Harry Turner, of the Army Service Corps, has just succumbed to enteric fever at Kroomstad. Our portrait is by the Mackenzie Fine Art Co., Slough.



The election campaign has been in full swing in Paris now for some days, and the contest is being waged very hotly. The first phase of the battle is naturally that of posters. Paris is disfigured with coloured bills exhorting you to vote for so and so. The multitude of would-be legislators makes the

posters the more varied. All kinds of means are resorted to by candidates to win popular favour, a favourite method being to enlist the street ballad singers to proclaim in song the merits of themselves and the demerits of their rivals.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS: SINGING THE PRAISES OF A PARIS CANDIDATE

DRAWN BY GEORGES REDON



"They were standing on the doorstep. The dirty man had closed the door behind them, and, turning on his heel, Kosminoff looked thoughtfully at the dusty woodwork of it. Half absent-mindedly, he extended one finger, and made a design on the door. It was not unlike a Greek cross."

THE VULTURES

A STORY OF 1881

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. Illustrated by W. HATHERELL, R.I.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN THE WEST INDIA DOCK ROAD

It is not only in name that this great thoroughfare has the sound of the sea, the suggestion of a tarry atmosphere and that mystery which hangs about the lives of simple sailor men. To thousands and thousands of foreigners the word London means the West India Dock Road, and nothing more. There are sailors sailing on every sea who cherish the delusion that they have seen life and London when they have passed the portals of one of the large public-houses of the West India Dock Road.

There are others who are not sailors, speaking one of the half-dozen tongues of Eastern Europe, of which the average educated Briton does not even know the name, whose lives are bounded on the West by Aldgate Pump, on the East by the Dock Gates, on the North by Houndsditch, and on the South by St. Katherine's Dock and Tower

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Hill. A man who would wish to knock at any door in this district, and speak to him who opened it in his native tongue, would have to pass five years of his life between the Baltic and the Black Sea, the Carpathians and the Caucasus. Galician, Ruthenian, Polish, Magyar would be required as a linguistic basis, while variations of the same added to Russian and German for those who have served in one army or another, would probably be useful.

There are many odd trades in the West India Dock Road, and none of them, it would seem, so profitable as the fleecing of sailors. But by a queer coincidence the callings mostly savour of the same painful process. They run to leather for the most part, and the manufacture of those "articles-de-luxe," which are chiefly composed of coloured morocco and gum. There is also a trade in furs. Half-way down the West India Dock Road, where the shops are most sordid, and the bird-fanciers congregate, there is quite a large fur store, of which the window, clad in faded red, is adorned by a white rabbit skin, laid flat upon

a fly-blown newspaper, and a stuffed sea-gull with a singularly knowing squint.

There was once a name above the shop, but the owner of it, for reasons of his own, or so soon, perhaps, as he realised that he was in a country where no one wants to know your name, or cares about your business, had carelessly painted it out with a pot of black paint and a defective brush, which had last been used for red.

On each side of the shop window is a door, one leading to the warehouse and workshop at the back. Through this door there passes quite a respectable commerce. The skin of the domestic cat drawn hither on roller carts from the remotest suburbs passes in to this door to emerge from it later in neat wooden cases addressed to enterprising merchants in Trondhjem, Bergen, Berlin, and other Northern cities from which tourists are in the habit of carrying home mementoes in the shape of the fur and feather of the country. There is also a small importation of American fur to be dressed and treated and re-despatched to the Siberian

fur dealers from whom the American globe-trotter prefers to buy. A number of unhealthy workpeople, men, women, and ancient children also use this door, entering by it in the morning, and only coming into the air again after dark. They have yellow faces and dusty clothes. A long companionship with fur has made them hirsute; for the men are unshaven, and the women's heads are burdened with heavy coils of black hair.

The other door, which is little used, seems to be the entrance to the dwelling-house of the nameless foreigner. On the left-hand doorpost is nailed a small tin tablet, whereon are inscribed in the Russian character three words which, being translated, read:—"The Brothers of Liberty." As no one of importance in the West India Dock Road reads the Russian characters, there is no harm done, or else some disappointment would necessarily be experienced by the passer-by to think that anyone so nearly related to liberty should choose to live in that spot. Neither would the Trafalgar Square agitator be pleased were he called upon to suppose that the Siren whom he pursues with such ardour on rainy Sunday afternoons could ever take refuge behind the dingy Turkey-red curtain that hides the inner parts of the furrier's store from vulgar gaze.

"That's their lingo," said Captain Cable to himself, with considerable emphasis, one dull winter afternoon when, after much study of the numbers over the shop doors, he finally came to a stand opposite the furrier's shop.

He stepped back into the road to look up at the house, thereby imperilling his life amid the traffic. A cester-monger taking cabbages from the Borough Market to Limehouse gave the Captain a little piece of his mind in the choicest terms then current in his daily intercourse with man, and received in turn winged words of such a forcible and original nature as to send him thoughtfully Eastwards behind his cart.

"That's their lingo, right enough," said the Captain, examining the tin tablet a second time. "That's Polish, or I'm a Dutchman."

He was, as a matter of fact, wrong, for it was Russian, but this was, nevertheless, the house he sought. He looked at the dingy building critically, shrugged his shoulders, and tilting forward his high-crowned hat, he scratched his head with a grimace indicative of disappointment. It was not to come to such a house as this that he had put on what he called his "suit": a coat and trousers of solid pilot cloth designed to be worn as best in all climates and at all times. It was not in order to impress such people as must undoubtedly live behind those faded red curtains that he had unpacked from the state-room locker his shore-going hat, high, and of fair round shape, such as is only to be bought in the shadow of Limehouse steeple.

The house was uninviting. It had a furtive, dishonest look about it. Captain Cable saw this. He was a man who studied weather and the outward signs of a man. He rang the bell all the louder, and stood squarely on the threshold until the door was opened by a dirty man in a dirty apron, who looked at him in lugubrious silence.

"Name of Cable," said the Captain, turning to expectorate on the pavement, after the manner of far-sighted sailors who are about to find themselves on carpet. The man made a silent grimace, and craned forward with an interrogative ear held ready for a repetition.

"Name of Cable," repeated the Captain. "Dirty!" he added, just by way of inviting his hearer's attention, and adding that personal note without which even the shortest conversation is apt to lose interest.

This direct address seemed to have the desired effect, for the man stood aside.

"Heave ahead!" he said, pointing to an open door. For the only English he knew was the English they speak in the Baltic. The Captain cocked his bright blue eye at him, his attention caught by the familiar note. And he stumped along the passage into the dim room at the end. It was a small square room, with a window opening upon some leads, where discarded bottles and blackened moss surrounded the remains of a sparrow. The room was full of men—six or seven foreign faces were turned towards the new comer. Only one, however, of these faces was familiar to Captain Cable. It was the face of the man known on the Vistula as Kosmaroff.

The Captain nodded to him. He had a large nodding acquaintance. It will be remembered that he claimed for his hands a cleanliness which their appearance seemed to define as purely moral. In his way he was a proud man, and stand-offish at that. He looked slowly round, and found no other face to recognise. But he looked a second time at a small dark man with gentle eyes, whose individuality must have had something magnetic in it. Captain Cable was accustomed to judge from outward things. He picked out the ruling mind in that room, and looked again at its possessor as if measuring himself against him.

"Take a chair, Captain," said Kosmaroff, who himself happened to be standing. He was leaning against the high, old-fashioned mantelpiece, which had seen better days—and company—and smoked a cigarette. He was clad in a cheap ready-made suit; for his heart was in his business, and he scraped and saved every kopeck. But the cheap clothing could not hide that ease of movement which bespeaks a long descent, or conceal the slim strength of limb which is begotten of the fine, clean, hard bone of a fighting race.

The Captain looked round, and sought his pocket-handkerchief, with which to dust the proffered seat, mindful of his "suit."

"Do you speak German, Captain?" inquired Kosmaroff. And Captain Cable snorted at the suggestion.

"Sailed with a crew of Germans," he answered, "I understand a bit, and I know a few words. I know the German for d—n your eyes, and handy words like that."

"Then," said Kosmaroff, addressing the gentle-eyed man, "we had better continue our talk in German. Captain Cable is a man who likes plain dealing."

He himself spoke in the language of the Fatherland, and Captain Cable stiffened at the sound of it as all good Britons should.

"We have not much to say to Captain Cable," replied the man who seemed to be a leader of the Brothers of Liberty. He spoke in a thin tenor voice, and was what the French call *chétif* in appearance—a weak man, fighting against physical disabilities and an indifferent digestion.

"It is essential in the first place," he continued, "that we should understand each other; we the conquerors and you the conquered."

With a gesture, he divided the party assembled into two groups, the smaller of which consisted only of Kosmaroff and another. And then he looked out of the window with his womanlike, reflective smile.

"We the Russians, and you the Poles. I fear I have not made myself quite clear. I understand, however, that we are to trust the last comer entirely, which I do with the more confidence that I perceive that he understands very little of what we are saying."

Captain Cable's solid, weather-beaten face remained rigid like a figure-head. He looked at the speaker with an ill-concealed pity for one who could not express himself in plain English, and be done with it.

"Our circumstances are such that no correspondence is possible," continued the speaker. "Any agreement, therefore, must be verbal, and verbal agreements should be quite clear—the human memory is so liable to be affected by circumstances—and should be repeated several times in the hearing of several persons. I understand, therefore, that, after a period of nearly twenty years, Poland is ready again."

There was a short silence in that dim and quiet room.

"Yes," said Kosmaroff, deliberately, at length.

"And is only awaiting her opportunity."

"Yes."

One of the Brothers of Liberty, possibly the secretary of that body, which owned its inability to put anything into writing, had provided a penny bottle of ink and a sticky-looking red pen-holder. The speaker took up the pen suspiciously, and laid it down again. He rubbed his finger and thumb together. His suspicions had apparently been justifiable. It was a sticky one! Then he lapsed into thought. Perhaps he was thinking of the penholder, or perhaps of the history of the two nations represented in that room. He had a thoughtful face, and history is a fascinating study, especially for those who make it. And this quiet man had made a little in his day.

"An opportunity is not an easy thing to define," he said, at length. "Any event may turn out to be one. But, so far as we can judge, Poland's opportunity must lie in two or three possible events at the most. One would be a war with England. That, I am afraid, I cannot bring about just yet."

He spoke quite seriously, and he had not the air of a man subject to the worst of blindnesses—the blindness of vanity.

"We have all waited long enough for that. We have done our best out on the frontier and in the English Press—but cannot bring it about. It is useless to wait any longer. The English are fiery enough—in print, and ready enough to fight—in Fleet Street. In Russia we have too little journalism—in England they have too much."

Captain Cable yawned at this juncture with a maritime frankness.

"Another opportunity would be a social upheaval," said the Russian, drumming on the table with his slim fingers. "The time has not come for that yet. A third alternative is a mishap to a crowned head—and that we can offer to you."

Kosmaroff moved impatiently.

"Is that all?" he exclaimed. "I have heard that talk for the last ten years. Have you brought me across Europe to talk of that?"

The Russian looked at him calmly, stroking his thin black moustache, and waited till he had finished speaking.

"Yes—that is all I have to propose to you—but this time it is more than talk. You may take my word for that. This time we shall succeed. But, of course, we want money as usual. Ah! what a different world this would be if the poor could only be rich for one hour. We want five thousand roubles. I understand, you have control of ten times that amount. If Poland will advance us five thousand roubles, she shall have her opportunity—and a good one—in a month from now."

He held up his hand to command silence—for Kosmaroff, with eyes that suddenly blazed in anger, had stepped forward to the table, and was about to interrupt. And Kosmaroff, who was not given to obedience, paused, he knew not why.

"Think," said the other, in his smooth, even voice—"one month from now, after waiting twenty years. In a month you yourself may be in a very different position to that you now occupy. You commit yourselves to nothing. You do not even give ground for the conclusion that the Polish party ever for a moment approved of our methods. Our methods are our own affair, as are the risks we are content to run. We have our reasons, and we seek the approval of no man."

There was a deadly coldness in the man's manner which seemed to vouch for the validity of those reasons which he did not submit to the judgment of any.

"Five thousand roubles," he concluded. "And in exchange I give you the date—so that Poland may be ready."

"Thank you," said Kosmaroff, who had regained his composure, as suddenly as he had lost it. "I decline; for myself and for the whole of Poland. We play a cleaner game than that."

He turned and took up his hat, and his hand shook as he did it.

"If I did not know that you are a patriot according to your lights—if I did not know something of your story, and of those reasons that you do not give—I should take you by the throat, and throw you out into the street for daring to make such a proposal to me," he said, in a low voice.

"To a deserter from a Cossack regiment," suggested the other.

"To me," repeated Kosmaroff, touching himself on the breast, and standing at his full height. No one spoke, as if the silent spell of History were again for a moment laid upon their tongues.

"Captain Cable," said Kosmaroff. "You and I have met before, and I learnt enough of you then to tell you now that this is no place for you, and these men no company for us. I am going—will you come?"

"I'm agreeable," said Captain Cable, dusting his hat.

When they were out in the street, he turned to Kosmaroff, and looked up into his face, with bright and searching eyes.

"Who's that man?" he asked, as if there had been only one in the room.

"I do not know his name," replied Kosmaroff.

They were standing on the doorstep. The dirty man had closed the door behind them, and, turning on his heel, Kosmaroff looked thoughtfully at the dusty woodwork of it. Half absent-mindedly, he extended one finger, and made a design on the door. It was not unlike a Greek cross.

"That is who he is," he said.

Captain Cable followed the motion of his companion's finger.

"I've heard of him," he said. "And I heard his voice—sort of soft-spoken—on Hamburg quay one night, many years ago. That is why I refused the job, and came out with you."

(To be continued)

Music Notes

A VERY large number of concerts have taken place during the past week, and, indeed, there is, wisely enough, a rush just now on the part of *debutantes* and other performers whose names are little known to get over their recitals and concerts before the Coronation season begins. The only operatic representation of any interest during the week has been the production of a Celtic opera entitled *Eos and Gwairil*, by Mr. Vincent Thomas. This gentleman, who, it is understood, is a member of the staff of the London and Westminster Bank, is an amateur, and his music shows it, although it is only fair to say that a much more experienced musician would have been unable to do much with so poor a libretto. Of the opera the best feature is the orchestration, to which very fair justice was done by the amateur band formed of *emphes* of the London and Westminster Bank. Except as to Miss Ruth Vincent, the representative of the heroine, a Celtic maiden who is persecuted by a wicked Druid, the performers were all amateurs.

During the week we have heard a large number of new singers and performers, or, at any rate, of artists whose names are unfamiliar. The most promising is Miss Alma Stenck, a very young pianist, fourteen years old and whose parents have wisely resolved, after her recital next week, to send her back to Berlin in order to complete her studies. Neither mentally nor physically are her musical powers as yet fully developed, although she obviously has both talent and intelligence, and is a young pianist of the highest promise. We have also had concerts by Mrs. Montague Fordham, a mezzo-soprano who was at her best in Conchita's Song Cycle "*Brantlicher*"; Miss Gertrude Booth, a contralto; her sister Miss Madeleine Booth, a violinist; Miss Janet Dutt, a contralto with a fine voice; Miss Annie Stokes, a violinist; and Miss Helen Henschel. Miss Henschel, who is a daughter of the well-known singing teacher, has already once before appeared in London; but on Monday she gave her first recital on her own account, appearing not only as a vocalist, but also as a violinist.

We understand that Sir Hubert Parry has written a Coronation Anthem which will be included in the Service at Westminster Abbey. In all probability it will be sung during the "Homage." A new Coronation Anthem by Sir Frederick Bridge will also be in the Service, and a short choral work or anthem by Sir Walter Parratt. It is also understood that one or more of the Processional Marches will be specially composed by English musicians.

Sir A. C. Mackenzie's Coronation March, of which the King has just accepted the dedication, is to be produced on the 12th prox. at the Alhambra, when the band will be increased for the occasion, and the composer will conduct the March every night for a week.

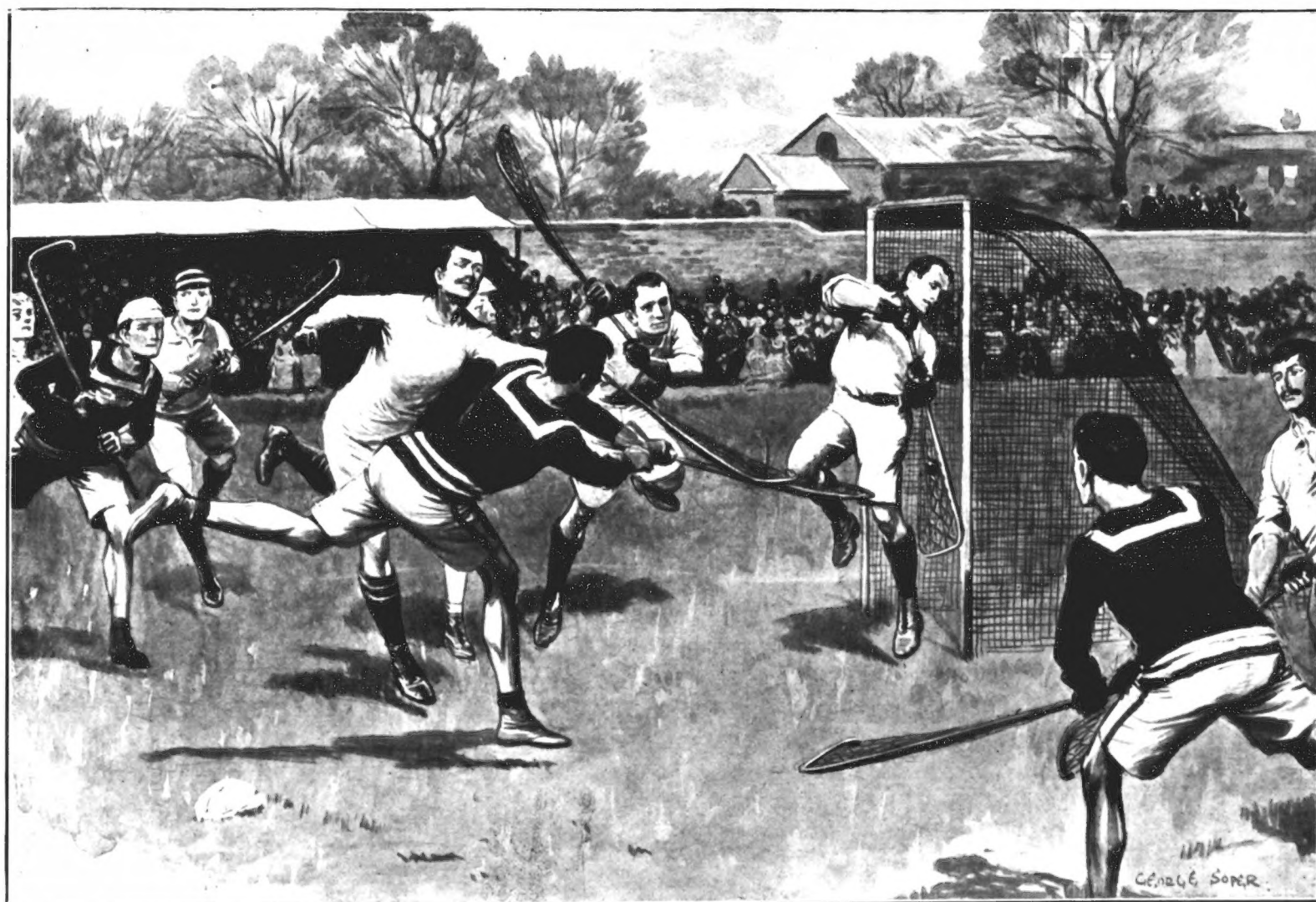
Madame Melba has consented to sing at a great concert to be held in the Royal Albert Hall during June on behalf of the Coronation Prize March contribution to King Edward's Hospital Fund. Madame Melba had herself intended to give a concert in the Royal Albert Hall during the Coronation month, but has waived her claim in consideration of the charitable object of the concert.



The Southampton and Sheffield United Clubs met last Saturday at the Crystal Palace in the final tie for the Football Association Challenge Cup. An exciting game resulted in a draw, both sides scoring a goal. Our illustration shows how Sheffield scored their goal. Common sent in a long shot, which Robinson might have saved, when Priest dashed up and diverted the flight of the ball and bundled Robinson into the net. The match is to be re-played to-day (Saturday)

THE FINAL TIE FOR THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CUP AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

DRAWN BY FRANK GILLETT



At Lord's Cricket Ground about five thousand spectators witnessed a most interesting match between the Toronto team and a team representing the South of England, among a large number of distinguished visitors being the Duke of Argyll. The Canadians were very heartily greeted, and looked a workmanlike lot. Four minutes from the "face" McLaren scored the first point for Toronto, and although the South

battled bravely, they were never quite a match for the Canadians, who managed to total 13 points (McLaren 4, McLean 3, Querrie 2, Murray, Curran, Mara and Taylor, 1 each) to South of England 3 points (Tosetti 2, Jones 1). All the visitors did well, their passing and catching being much admired

"SAVED!" THE LACROSSE MATCH AT LORD'S BETWEEN TORONTO AND THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND

DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER



"LITTLE FAIRY"
FROM THE PAINTING BY H. FRAUENDORFER



DRAWN BY FRANK DADO, R.I.

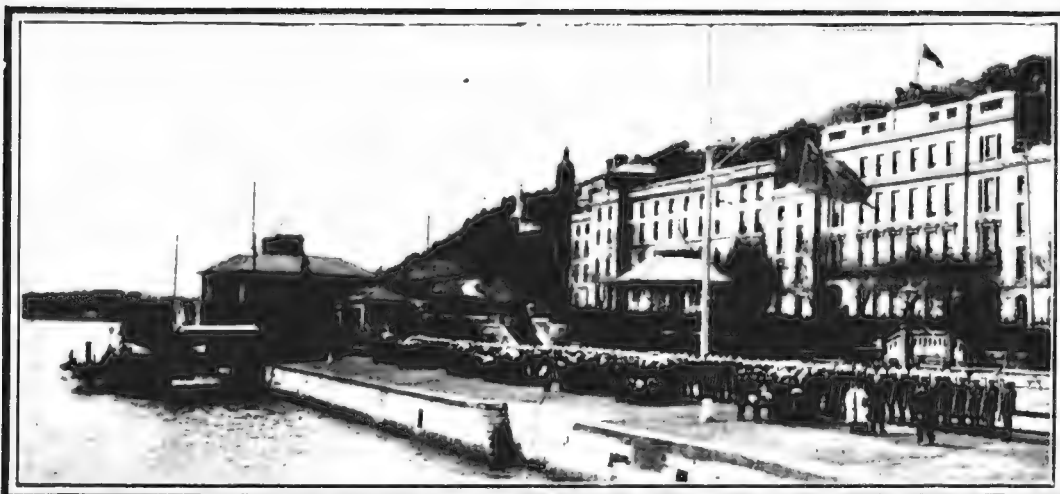
Schietcamp

Red. nloest

Hudon

Jack Hinton is a notorious train-wrecker, and, according to report, was formerly in the war at Monte Christo, and again lately in an attack on a native mission station. Schietcamp is the inventor of the Martin action contrivance for blowing up railway lines. The lodge of this commando is a strip of catkin round the hat. The photograph's from which this drawing was made were found in one of Jack Hinton's convoys which was captured.

A NOTORIOUS BOER TRAIN-WRECKER AND HIS MEN: JACK HINTON'S COMMANDO ENJOYING A REST



CARRYING THE COFFINS FROM THE LAUNCH AT THE NAVAL PIER



Queenstown has never witnessed a more sad and impressive ceremony than that which accompanied the funeral of eight of the victims of the "Mars" disaster. The bodies, Lieutenant Bourne and seven men, were landed at the Naval Pier, detachments of bluejackets and Marines, numbering 77 officers and 1,360 men, with four military bands, having been drawn up on the quay and in the principal streets of the town in readiness for the procession to the cemetery. At a short distance from the quay the coffins, each of which was covered with a Union flag and a number of wreaths, were placed on biers and drawn to the Queenstown Cemetery through lines of sympathetic spectators. The last of the coffins contained the remains of Lieutenant Bourne and was surmounted by his sword and hat. Our photographs were supplied by Photogetter.

LIEUTENANT BOURNE'S COFFIN ON THE WAY TO THE CEMETERY

THE FUNERAL OF THE VICTIMS OF THE EXPLOSION ON BOARD H.M.S. "MARS"



When, on the approach of the hot weather, Mr. Rhodes's health gave way again, he was removed to his seaside cottage at Muizenburg, thirteen miles from Cape Town. Everything that could be done in the direction of counteracting the heat was done. Boxes of ice were let into the roof, and special windows were cut in the walls. The room in which Mr. Rhodes died is marked X. Our photograph is by Jasto, Cape Town.

THE COTTAGE AT MUIZENBURG WHERE MR CECIL RHODES DIED

The Court

WITH the King and Queen's return to town this week there will be a good deal going on at Court during the next month, until the Whitsuntide holidays begin. The next two Courts are fixed for May 2nd and 16th, while, besides the Levée this week, there is to be another early in May. The King came up to town from Sandringham early on Monday, as the Levée began at twelve. His Majesty drove in State from Buckingham Palace to St. James's, with a Life Guards' escort, and was received at the Palace by a guard of honour and the officers of the Household. This was the first time for forty years that a British Sovereign had driven from Buckingham Palace to hold a Levée, as Queen Victoria never held one after the death of the Prince Consort. The horses to the King's carriage were black, not the Harroverian creams. The Levée took place in the Throne-Room, where King Edward was supported by the Prince of Wales and Prince Christian. Besides holding the Levée on Monday King Edward received the Crown Prince of Siam to invest him with the Royal Victorian Order on his coming of age, and also gave a luncheon in his honour. His Majesty went to Epsom Races on Tuesday and Wednesday, and on Thursday held a Council.

After a month's absence in Denmark, Queen Alexandra came home on Tuesday. During the last days of her stay at Copenhagen Her Majesty accompanied King Christian and the Royal Family on several excursions, besides doing a good deal of shopping in the town. The Queen has bought several Danish cows for her dairy at Sandringham, in which Her Majesty takes such interest, and has brought them home with her. Her Majesty, who left Copenhagen early on Monday, crossed in the special steamer *Empress* to Dover, and reached London on Tuesday evening, being met by the King at Charing Cross. Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark come to England early next month.

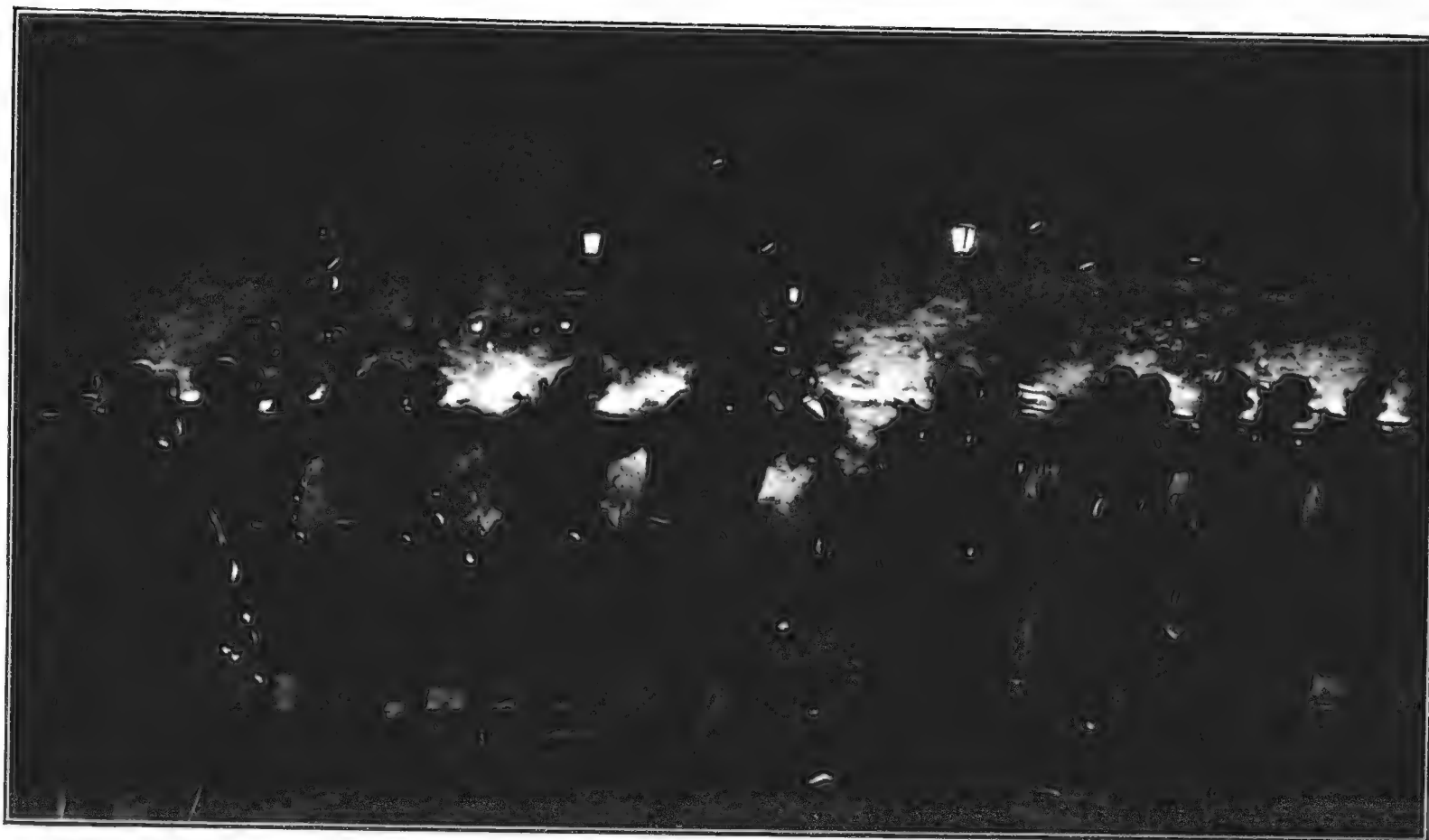
The Prince and Princess of Wales have had an exceedingly busy week. On their return from Denmark they settled down once more in their old quarters at York House, St. James's, as Marlborough House will not be ready for them just yet, owing to the alterations. On Saturday, the Prince went down to Watford to inspect the London Orphan Asylum, and on Monday he attended the King's Levée. On Wednesday the Prince presided at the annual dinner of the London Orphan Asylum, while the Princess was attending a concert at Bethnal Green, in aid of the funds of St. James's Less, and next day the Princess visited the sale of work held by the Female Welfare Society, at the Albert Hall. Both the Prince and Princess would attend the concert at Queen's Hall yesterday (Friday), in aid of the Norwood Royal Normal College and Academy for the Blind, the Princess receiving purses, and to-day (Saturday) the Prince intended to be present at the Lacrosse match between Toronto and the Duke of Argyll's team. He was also going one day to the Motor-Car Show, where the fine car built for the King is on exhibition. It is a twenty-two horse-power Daimler, to carry eight persons, and will have a canopy over the whole carriage. The Princess will accompany the Prince to Reading next month, when he visits the annual Show of the Royal Counties Agricultural Society.

The Guildhall Exhibition

IT would be a difficult task in a short article, which must not become a catalogue, to give an adequate idea of the wonderful exhibition brought together by Mr. Temple. We have here the art of the eighteenth century, as displayed by the best of the English and French painters. The reader need reflect but a moment to recognise what this includes—the works of Watteau, Fragonard, Lancret, Boucher, Paer, Tocqué, Nattier, Largillière, Greuze, Boilly (more a nineteenth than an eighteenth century painter), Drouais, Detroy, Chardin, Mme. Vigée Le Brun, Huet, Van Loo—these are not all, and yet the catalogue threatens.

The English section is not less remarkable: Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney—who has never appeared more gracious, or brilliant, or fascinating—Hoppner, Raeburn, Wilson, Opie, Morland, Penny (whose reputation this exhibition will do much to re-establish), Hogarth, and Lawrence together form a group that can hold its own against any foreign competition of the age that could be brought against us. We can show nothing like the elegance and dainty trifling that produced the exquisite and artificial *conversations galantes* and the like that show Watteau so great a master and his followers such apt imitators—but then English taste, not less than English ability, forbade. The cold, showy formality of State portraiture (which was not reserved alone for Royal sitters) that distinguished the presentments of French artists from Nattier to Drouais, and all the finer portrait-painters of France, cannot for all their astonishing, and perhaps superior, skill stand beside the greater sincerity and more convincing grace of the British masters. The quiet and brilliant portrait of Madame d'Anger is an exception—it seems to herald the coming of Ingres, and the "Robespierre" of Greuze is not far behind.

Nothing could be more interesting than the Titanic contest between English and French. The foreigners must be strong indeed to stand against Gainsborough's "Cottage Door," Romney's fascinating "Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante," and the still more attractive three quarter length of the lady; and even more charming still, "The Stafford Children," the masterpiece of masterpieces of the painter for beauty of arrangement and charm of effect. And what face could be prettier than the lovely portrait by Hoppner of "Mrs. Pearson at the Age of Eighteen"? When we leave the room, with its little landscapes by Morland, and Wilson, and Gainsborough (one of the latter as much like a Rubens as English landscapist ever wrought), and enter the room devoted to Mr. Pierpont Morgan's majestic purchase of the Fragonards from Grasse—the charming fantasies painted for Madame du Barry—we feel, even in the presence of such opulence of dainty *fantaisies* (if such a thing can rightly be expressed) that we would not exchange our English wholesomeness of art and nature for all the masterpieces of French grace and Gallic fancy.



DRAWN BY E. DE HAREN

The disorders at Louvain culminated in a most serious conflict between the rioters and the Civic Guard, which resulted in no fewer than nineteen casualties. A band of Socialists paraded the streets, breaking windows and raising hostile cries. In the Rue Tiquemont the mob broke through the police cordon but were stopped by the Civic Guard opposite the Barracks and the Catholic Club. In

obedience to orders the guard fired two volleys into the rioters' ranks, killing five and wounding twelve. The bodies of the dead were conveyed to the Maison du Peuple, in which a temporary mortuary was fitted up.

FROM A SKETCH BY GERVAIN DETILLET

THE BELGIAN STRIKES: THE CIVIC GUARD FIRING ON THE MOB AT LOUVAIN



The body of Mr. Cecil Rhodes was, on the day after his death, removed from his cottage at Mowbray to his house at Groet Schuur. There the coffin, surrounded by beautiful wreaths, was placed in a room arranged as a chapel of repose. Thousands of people passed through the room to pay their last tribute of respect to the dead statesman. Our illustration is from a photograph by J. H. Mulhich, Cape Town.

THE LATE MR. CECIL RHODES. THE COFFIN LYING AT GROOT SCHUUR



IN THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON AT MONTE CARLO: AN EVENING IN THE RO
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY REGINALD CLEAVER



THE SEASON AT MONTE CARLO: AN EVENING IN THE ROULETTE-ROOM OF THE CASINO

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY REGINALD CLEAVER



THE LATE MR. P. H. MORRIS
Retired A.R.A.



THE LATE MR. FRANCIS R. STOCKTON
Novelist and Journalist



THE LATE DON FRANCIS D'ASSISI
Ex King Consort of Spain



SIR GERALD STRICKLAND
Now Governor of the Leeward Islands



THE LATE SIR THOMAS SECOMBE
G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I., C.B.

The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LLOYD

At an early hour on Wednesday morning the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought in the biggest Budget the world has known. As Sir William Harcourt observed, and as will appear from study of my one night's debate, it is not a popular Budget. With two exceptions, one a private member and the other a loyal colleague, its author has been its sole defender. But the House admires pluck, likes Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and so gave him a hearty cheer as with long stride he made his way to the Table, "bringing his sheaves with him" in the form of a Budget Bill based on an expenditure of 188½ millions, with a revenue of 147½ millions, the trifle of deficit being forty-one millions sterling.

The Opposition saw great opportunity in the re-imposition of a Corn Tax. The very name summoned up reminiscences of good old times, when Corn Law rhymes were sung in the streets, when a starving people were stirred to riot, when a Tory Government toppled down, and there followed a long day of Liberal domination. Sir William Harcourt, in particular, braced himself up for the fight. Ministers were so impressed with the gravity of the situation that before the Budget was introduced Mr. Balfour took the unusual step of allotting two sittings for its preliminary discussion.

Nothing serious has come of it. A Government that has had many bad quarters of an hour came through this one with a majority of eighty-six, gained in conflict with the not always united forces of Liberals and Irish members. It is true that faithful Ministerialists would not speak in favour of the Budget in part, or in whole. But they voted for it, which, from a Treasury Bench point of view, is the better way.

Pitched battle round the proposal to tax corn and flour raged on Tuesday night. In the absence of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, still confined to his room by illness, Sir William Harcourt dropped into the seat of the Leader of the Opposition. A close attendant on the debate, he reserved his speech till close upon eleven o'clock, when he rose to wind it up on behalf of the Opposition. Comparing the scene with others, analogous, of earlier date, it was saddening to old members on both sides. The hour and the occasion were propitious for a stirring speech, swaying an overflowing audience. Sir William was suffering from an irritating cough that constantly interrupted his remarks. Afraid of straining his voice, he spoke in a tone that made inaudible the conclusion of many sentences. The audience became restless and began to disperse. A murmur of conversation, fatal to any argument, rose, whilst Sir William, a good man struggling with adversity, gallantly plodded on to the end.

Far away the best speech of the evening—indeed, of the debate—was delivered before dinner by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. With his back to the wall he felt that the strain of battle rested wholly with him, and he gallantly met the occasion. One passage in his speech illuminated the history of the last forty years. It was, in its way, what the late Mr. Green called "A Short History of the English People." The fundamental charge brought by financial purists against the Budget is (apart from objection to Corn Tax), that it raises revenue by indirect instead of direct taxation, procedure that operates to the disadvantage of the poorer classes. By the irrefragable logic of figures Sir Michael Hicks-Beach shattered this fallacy. He showed that forty years ago the proportion of indirect taxation was 61·7 per cent. Last year it was 47·7. In 1861-2 the proportion of direct taxation was 38·3. Last year it was 52·3. Thus while direct taxation has increased 14 per cent, indirect has fallen to the same extent, whilst the purchasing power of the working men has increased by fifty per cent.

According to time-honoured custom, the Leader of the House of Commons is expected to wind up a first-class debate, whatever may be its subject. Mr. Balfour did not shirk the duty. Before he got far through his speech he doubtless felt, with his audience, that he would have done better to leave it alone. He has a natural and cultured gift of assimilating information; but technical facts and abstruse figures are his mortal enemies. Bristling all over the Budget, he was powerless against the combination. The Opposition, entering into the fun of the thing, further embarrassed him

with ironical cheers and laughter. But what did it matter? The Budget was safe, and for peace or war the finances of the year are assured.

Our Portraits

MR. FRANK R. STOCKTON, the well-known novelist, was born at Flatbush on April 5, 1834. He began life as an engraver, but devoted engraving to devote himself to journalism. Though his earlier efforts were widely read, it was not until the publication, in 1879, of his "Rudder Grange" papers, which appeared in *Scribner's*, that he attracted general public attention. His short stories, which generally contained some whimsical and novel idea ingeniously developed, included "The Lady or the Tiger," "The Transferred Ghost," "The Spectral Mortgage," "The Discourager of Hesitancy," and "Negative Gravity." He published also a number of novels and novelettes, among them being "The Hundredth Man," "The Great War Syndicate," "The Adventures of Captain Horn," "Mrs. Child's Yacht," "The Avenger of the Two-Horned Alexander," and "A Bicycle of Cathay." Our portrait is by Parker, Washington.

Considering how important a part Don Francis d'Assisi once played in European history, he has been curiously forgotten for many years until his death just now at the age of eighty. He was one of the unhappy puppets in those famous "Spanish marriages" which set England and France by the ears more than half a century ago. Conflicting political interests made the marriage of the young Queen Isabel II. of Spain a very important matter. France wanted her for one of her own Princes, England supported the candidature of Leopold of Coburg, and by a piece of sharp practice on the part of Louis Philippe, his Premier Guizot, and the Spanish Queen-Mother, the unfortunate Isabel was forced to marry her cousin, Don Francis, while her sister Fernanda became the wife of Louis Philippe's youngest son, the Duc de Montpensier. Don Francis, second son of the Infante Don Francis, brother of Ferdinand VII., was a weak, uninteresting young man, so effeminate as to go by the nickname of "Paquita," and poor Queen Isabel took him with much reluctance. Naturally, the marriage was unhappy, but the pair had several children, including the late King of Spain, Alfonso XII., and when Isabel was overthrown in 1868, her husband accompanied her in her flight from Spain. Soon afterwards, the Royal couple arranged an amicable separation, and Don Francis has lived in France ever since, remaining on polite visiting terms with his wife. Indeed, the ex-Queen was with her husband when he

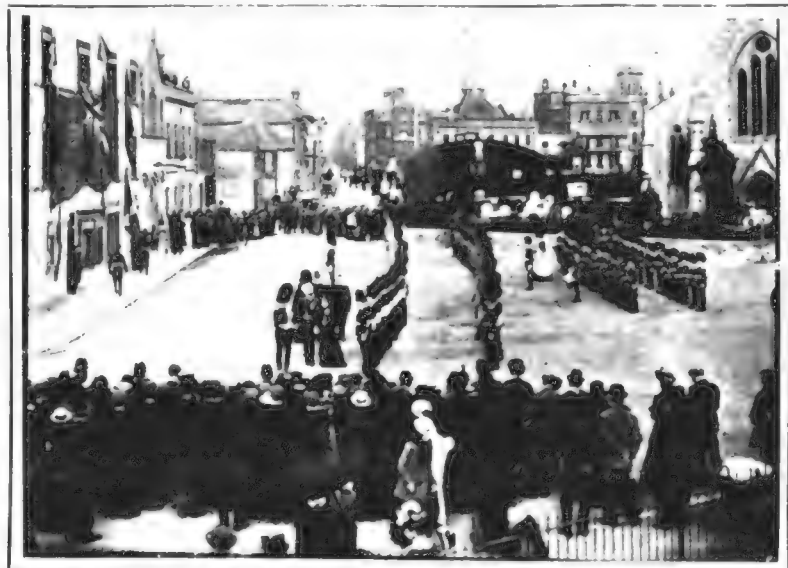
succumbed to congestion of the lungs in his château at Epinay, not far from Paris.

Mr. Philip Morris, the well-known A.R.A., was the son of Mr. J. S. Morris, an engineer and ironfounder, of Devonport. He was born in December, 1833, and very early gave proof of artistic gifts. He entered the schools of the Royal Academy, where he won three silver medals, and, in 1858, the gold medal for the best historical picture, which had as its subject "The Good Samaritan." He next gained the travelling studentship and pursued his studies in France and Italy. His first Academy picture was "Peaceful Days," exhibited while he was still a student in the schools, and his works have long been familiar at Burlington House, the Grosvenor Gallery, and elsewhere. Mr. Morris was elected A.R.A. on Jan. 18, 1877. Our portrait is by Ralph W. Robinson, Redhill.

Sir Gerald Strickland, who has just been appointed Governor of the Leeward Islands, after having been Chief Secretary at Malta for thirteen years, is a many-sided man. He has been bitterly assailed by the Maltese agitators; but it is doubtful if the Maltese people apart from the classes represented by the agitators—have ever had an official more devoted to their interests. The practical reforms successfully inaugurated during his term of office are an enduring monument to his ability as an administrator. Sir Gerald Strickland was born in 1861, at Malta, where his father, Captain Walter Strickland, R.N., was serving with the Mediterranean Fleet. He was educated at Oscott College, Warwick, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he had a distinguished career, taking honours in law in 1887, and being president of the Union. He was delegate for Malta at the Colonial Conference in 1887; Assistant Secretary to Government, Malta, 1888; and Principal Secretary since 1889. He married, in 1890, Lady Edeline, eldest daughter of the 7th Earl de la Warr. Our portrait is by R. Ellis, Valetta.

Sir Thomas Lawrence Secombe, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I., C.B., was in his ninetieth year, having been born at Grampound, in Cornwall, on July 20, 1812. He entered the service of the Honourable East India Company as writer and clerk in the department of auditor of Indian accounts on January 31, 1820, and for the manner in which he discharged his onerous duties throughout the troubled times of the first and second Afghan Campaigns and the wars in Sindh, the Punjab, Burma and China, Mr. Secombe received in 1852, and again in 1857, special marks of approval from the court of directors.

Throughout the Mutiny, which broke out in May, 1857, the responsible task of communicating to the Press all official telegrams was entrusted to him, and when, in 1858, the Government of India Act, vesting the territories of the East India Company in the Queen, was passed Mr. Secombe was appointed to the position of the establishment of the Secretary of State, and acted as assistant secretary in the Financial Department, and his marked financial gifts secured him rapid advancement. He was made Director of Military Funds in 1860 and Assistant Secretary of State in 1872. During the Mutiny the Government upon Indian Finance, and in 1871-72, Mr. Secombe was one of the principal witnesses, and was examined by Lawton with an acuity which only gradually yielded to the fact that "Mr. Secombe possessed greater experience than any man alive in Indian finance." In 1879 he resigned the office of Financial Secretary on completion of fifty years' service, and February 3, 1879, he was presented by his colleagues at the staff of the India Office with a handsome testimonial. He remained Assistant Under-Secretary of State till 1881. In 1878 he was nominated a member of the Commission proposed over by Lord Northbrook to determine the contribution payable by India towards Army effective charges incurred in England, and in this capacity he rendered gratuitous service from 1881 to 1892, thus completing sixty-three years of public duty. In August, 1892, Sir Thomas Secombe, who had been made a C.B. in 1869 and K.C.S.I. in 1877, was created a G.C.I.E. Our portrait is by W. and D. Downey, Flury Street.



Princess Christian last week visited Portsmouth with her son, the Duke of Devonshire, and the Duke of Cornwall. Her Royal Highness first visited the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, and then walked across to the new home, remaining there for about a quarter of an hour in conversation with the inmates before leaving. Princess Christian inspected the ground of honour presented to the late Duke of Devonshire. Our photograph is by A. Debenham, Southampton.

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S VISIT TO PORTSMOUTH. INSPECTING A GROUP OF SOLDIERS.

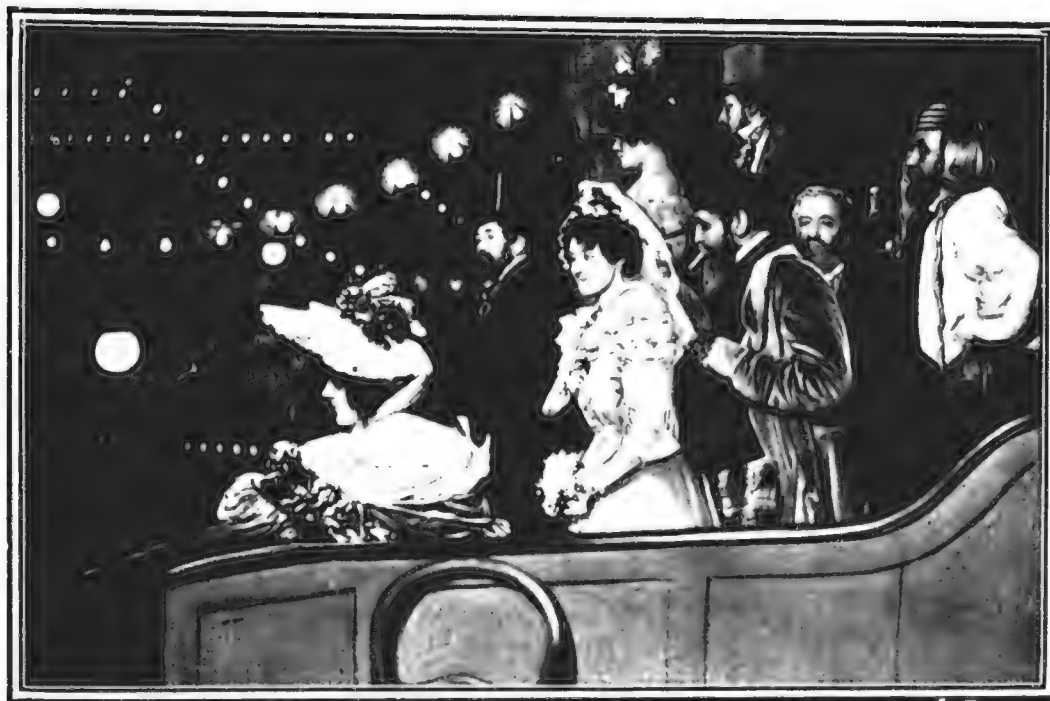




"GITANES"
FROM THE PAINTING BY LOUISE LAVRUT



THE CARICATURIST MIRANDE AND PARIS GAMINS

Mme. Brisson M. Lavedan Mme. Lavedan M. Brisson
A BOY AT THE FETE

Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE."

THE Government is prepared to make "reasonable concessions," to quote the words used in private conversation by a Cabinet Minister. On the other hand, all that is known of the attitude assumed by the Boer leaders points to a strong desire to cease hostilities. Bearing those facts in mind, there is good reason for believing that the War in South Africa is about to end. When peace is declared, as it probably will be in a week or two from this at the latest, how will the nation celebrate the termination of the most expensive and serious struggle which the country has ever had to face? At the close of every other great campaign, in which white men have been our opponents, there have been official rejoicings, and illuminations and fireworks have had a prominent place in the programme.

Undoubtedly both Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener will be rewarded by being accorded promotions in the peerage; the first will probably be created a Viscount, and the latter an Earl. Whether these new honours will be conferred upon them at the time that the termination of hostilities is officially announced, at the Coronation, or when the troops return from South Africa, is not

known, but it is generally imagined that the King will accentuate the occasion by granting the promotions when peace is declared.

It is generally foreseen that the Government will ask the Parliament to make a substantial grant to Lord Kitchener in recognition of his brilliant services during the past two years of the war. Lord Kitchener has certainly greatly added to his reputation since he succeeded Lord Roberts as Commander-in-Chief of the forces in the field. His untiring energy, his extraordinary patience, his devotion to his duties, and his magnificent soldier-like qualities, have never been brought to the front as they have during this campaign. When he landed at the Cape, for the first time in his career he encountered what might be described as the luxurious element in the British Army. He fearlessly dealt with it as it had never been handled before, and the stories told of his treatment of the luxury-loving officers who had "society" at their backs, are too numerous to be repeated in this column.

One must be re-told, and it is absolutely accurate. One of the first things which attracted his attention at Cape Town was a pile of deal boxes which encumbered the quay. He asked what they contained, and was informed that the boxes were filled with champagne. "Capital," was his reply; "they will do for the sick and wounded in the hospitals"—and to the hospitals they were despatched!

"Gitane," by Louise Labrie

THE sparkle and piquancy about this picture is not due wholly to the artist. No doubt, the clever lady who has painted the picture with so much spirit—with a firmness and vivacity unusual to a woman's brush—has all the brilliancy needful, and what is rarer still, the truth and humour of observation. But she has been happy in her model—for it is hard to believe that the Gitane who sat for this attractive picture had so much more refinement and natural elegance than all the other Gitanes we have seen in our travels. Divest this fair and lissom young figure of what we must persist in thinking is her fancy dress, give her the beautiful dress of eighty years ago, set her in red and gold chair in a splendid drawing-room, and you would have one of the pretty and alert beauties with whom Sir Thomas Lawrence has enriched the art of the country. The painting of the picture is brilliant in the handling. The treatment of the dress and accessories is as masterly in vigour and "looseness," as the head carefully drawn and enlivened with knowing touches of high lights and sudden blacks, justifiable only by the success of the effect obtained. The left hand is unfortunate in drawing, but all else worthily sustains the credit of this really able painter. It may perhaps be pointed out how ably the engraver has succeeded, not only in preserving the vivacity of the painting, but in rendering the delicate forms of the face.

M. Willette M. Jerome
(Louis Philippe)
THE SUPPER TABLE

A great event in the Art world of Paris was the "bal costume" held at the Moulin Rouge in memory of the famous French caricaturist Gavarni. The whole of artistic Paris collaborated to make this function a gorgeous success. Gavarni having been one of the days of Louis Philippe, the prevailing note of the costumes was taken from that period. The citizen King himself was represented, together with his Court. Willette, the inimitable cartoonist, whose drawings are on every hoarding in Paris, personated the King. The procession was wonderful—a "veritable debauch of phantasies and humour."

as one of the papers described it. It illustrated not only the whole of Gavarni's work, but also all the salient features of his epoch. There were special *certificates* for art and literature and fashion, each one a picture lighted up by some *bizarre* idea borrowed from the caricaturist's work. The orchestra was in the uniform of the National Guards of 1830. In the course of the evening there was a mock attempt on the life of the King, followed by a burlesque attempt to lynch the would-be regicide, and other laughable travesties.



THE SECRETARY OF THE FETE, M. NEUMONT

IN MEMORY OF GAVARNI: THE ARTISTS' COSTUME BALL IN PARIS

The New English Art Club

INTERESTING as it is, the New English Art Club, it stands to reason, is not by any means so "new" as it once was. The novelty seems to be wearing off; the painters who are now to the fore on the walls of the Club's room at the Egyptian Hall are, with few additions, the same as were to the fore eight or ten years ago.

Surely it is the duty of the Club to remain new—to introduce to us every fresh young talent that is evolved, either in Professor Brown's Slade school, or out of it. If the Club is really to England what the Secession is to Vienna, to Munich, to Berlin, why does it not guarantee a regular supply of seceders to, not from, the society? Why does it not draw to itself the lively young spirits here, such as compose the societies of the *Independants* and of *Incoherents* in Paris? The Club had a good sense of sport at the beginning. Think what a calamity it would be if, despite its title, it were to fall under the spell and become crystallised and old-fashioned.

Here is Mr. Wilson Steer with a portrait, a landscape, and a nude study. The last-named is the most attractive, but it is not yet the remarkable, the really fine and striking work which we have been awaiting from the artist for this eighteen years past. It will come, mark you; it will out, in time, though it be not yet wholly incubated. Mr. Sickert, of music-hall fame in painting, turns to St. Mark's by night; but it's all one: strangeness of artistic effect, rather than delicacy and grace of sentiment, seems to be his chief aim. Mr. W. Orpen, the young recruit who, like a young duckling turning to water, must have startled the hencoop at his impressionistic Slade school, by his devotion to the seventeenth century little masters of Holland—Mr. Orpen, we say, has a striking portrait of Mr. Staats Forbes and a *genre* picture, called "The Valuers." Mr. Furse we gladly welcome once more; he is a rare artist, who will one day become a greater if he choose. Then there are Mr. W. Russell, Mr. Douglas Robinson, Mr. George Thomson, Mr. Conder, with his visions, curious and vague, of Watteau—something of the French master's sentiment, arrangement, and colour, but little of his drawing or quality—and Mr. James Henry, who begins his pictures so admirably, and Mr. Rothenstein, another artistic soul, still unequal to the task of giving proper expression to his fine conceptions. These, with some clever ladies—Miss Gardiner, Miss Bland and Miss Fanner—give variety to the exhibition. But we are no longer in an artistic Bohemia, as we were still led to believe; we have come back to Gower Street, and our Art revolutionaries show signs of settling down to flat Charism.



The 2nd County of London Imperial Yeomanry, originally known as the Gentlemen's Corps, will undoubtedly be a very smart regiment, there being no lack of applications. A fair proportion of the men have seen service in South Africa, and these give a soldierly tone to the corps. The handsome uniform approved by the War Office is of the Dragoon type, the undress consisting of a scarlet serge patrol jacket with Royal purple facings, and shoulder chains, blue trousers with a yellow stripe, and forage cap. The full-dress headgear is a brass helmet with purple plume. The corps is to be known as the City of London Dragoons, and to use the Arms of the City as a distinctive badge.

TROOPERS OF THE NEWLY ENROLLED 2ND COUNTY OF LONDON IMPERIAL YEOMANRY



For some months past a fierce agitation has existed in Mid-Tipperary with the view of compelling some persons in that locality to surrender grazing lands which they have held for the past forty or fifty years. Public meetings have been held in the district, at which violent speeches have been delivered. Torchlight processions, open intimidation and boycotting have been practised. The police who attempted to prevent this intimidation were assaulted in some cases. Several prosecutions have taken place and some of the offenders have been committed to gaol. To cope with this disorder an

extra force of Royal Irish Constabulary has been drafted into the district and quartered at different points. These police are stringently boycotted. One party has been placed at a small village named Drom. A woman who let her house for their accommodation has since died, and her funeral was boycotted, so the police were obliged to bury the remains. Our illustration which is from a photograph, shows a party of Royal Irish Constabulary in the act of digging the grave.

THE IRISH LAND WAR: THE RESULT OF BOYCOTTING THE DEAD

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY ADELPHI GREVILLE

QUEEN WILHELMINA of Holland is suffering from typhoid fever. At a first glance one would imagine this the last disease likely to attack a Royal personage, seeing the illness comes from insanitary conditions or polluted milk and water. Yet many of our own Royal Family have suffered from it. The Prince Consort died of it, the King and his brothers and son, all at different times, were attacked by it, and residence in a palace, surrounded by every luxury, apparently gives no guarantee of safety. Where the Queen of Holland caught it remains a mystery, and the heartiest prayers are being offered for her safety. Typhoid is such an insidious disease that no one can tell what the end will be, and the most unlikely subjects are often the first attacked. Fortunately for them, women, as a rule, are more exempt from the disease than men.

People are beginning to tire of fads and frivolity in their drawing-rooms, and many ladies are re-decorating their houses in a somewhat severe and medieval style. The interior of Lady Clementine Waring's new house in Grosvenor Place is strictly Tudor in design, and might be thought even too austere by some young women. Yet it is very characteristic and admirably carried out. The reaction in favour of simplicity in house decoration, of good and substantial things *versus* shams and imitations, is making itself strongly felt just now. It is a step in the right direction, and one can only hope it may lead to some reformation in the practices of the cheap builder, whose one aim is tawdry effect, despising durability and good taste.

The most popular plays and the most popular novels have happy endings, which proves the natural desire of all mankind to be happy. In the fairy tales of our nurseries the prince and princess married and lived happily ever after, and in spite of every-day experience, in spite of the revelations of the Divorce Court, the public insists on the happy marriage of the hero and heroine. Of course this is not art, nor truth to nature, but as most people sit down to read novels when they are tired, or unhappy, or overworked, it naturally follows that they wish to be put into an agreeable frame of mind. That is why problem plays so rarely succeed and a good Adelphi drama enjoys a prosperous career. Philosophers tell us happiness is not the aim and end of our existence. The public will not have it so. They take a far more optimistic view of life, and happy wedded life they insist upon, at least for the hero and heroine of stories. This outstretching of our hands to the joys of the future seems to be one of the primordial instincts of humanity.

Tea-rooms now are not content to be only tea rooms: they have added the additional attraction of ping-pong tables, and some people give afternoon parties at these places on purpose to introduce ping-pong tournaments. The craze for the game continues, and the elderly are as enthusiastic as the young. It is a craze that, no doubt, is too violent to last. It will go the way of other games now extinct, but for the present it is a factor to be reckoned with.

M. Serpollet's description of his record motor drive sounds dizzy



A fire broke out late on Monday night at Barbican, London, and spread with such rapidity that several business premises became almost immediately involved. So fierce were the flames that the houses on the opposite side of the narrow thoroughfare were set on fire, and demanded considerable and constant attention from the brigade. Steamers and escapes from every station within reach were continually arriving, but for a long time no perceptible impression could be made by the firemen on the flames. Great crowds gathered in all the by-ways and thoroughfares near by, and a large force of police were required to secure free space for the firemen. Traffic on the Underground was suspended Abchurch Lane Station being within a few yards of where the fire was burning. It was half-past three in the morning before the fire was got under. Thirty sets of buildings were more or less damaged. The loss is estimated at £50,000. Our photograph is by Denton and Co. Clapham Road.

THE GREAT FIRE IN THE CITY: THE BARBICAN NEXT MORNING

dangerous and exciting. He says, "I heard and saw nothing. Platforms, trees, people, were only shadows. The one sensation I did experience was the leaping of the car. I positively felt the wheels bound off the cement as a stone ricochets along the surface of the water. As I sped along, it seemed as if I were astride an arrow."

There are always a few kindly souls who are easily imposed upon, and it is by trading on this somewhat amiable trait of human nature that a certain class of adventuress lives. She goes from one place to another nominally seeking a situation as servant, giving excellent false references, and obtaining, in many cases, money for her

expenses. Her appearance being so respectable and her story so plausible, several ladies of my acquaintance have been victimised by this person. It is, no doubt, owing to the fact that ladies are not careful enough about the giving and receiving of characters that such frauds are possible. Registry offices are also much to blame. They send servants to ladies, and find out nothing about their antecedents, so that employers, presuming they know something about the person recommended, are often taken in. I know of two instances recently where ladies took servants, whose characters I myself held, without any references at all. This gives fruitful opportunity to the impostor who preys on the weakness or carelessness of women.

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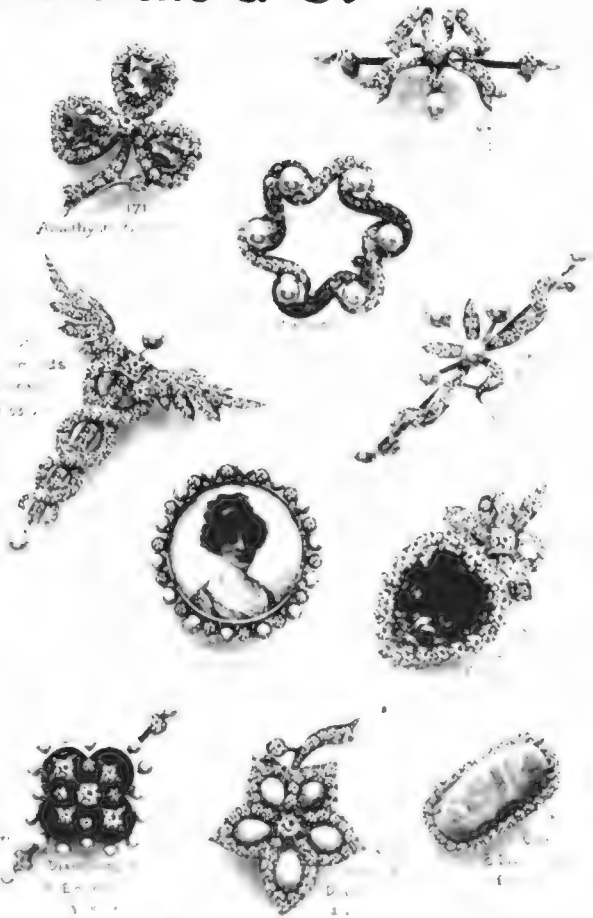
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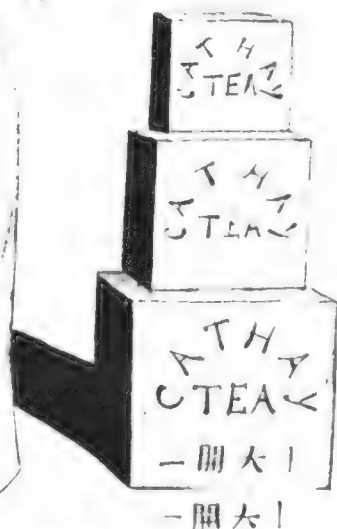
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Our Bookshelf

THE OLD PALACE OF WHITEHALL.

THOSE who are interested in the history of old London need go far to find a more fascinating volume than Dr. Edgar Sheppard's "Story of the Old Palace of Whitehall," which has just been published by Messrs. Longmans. The story is told with infinite detail, the book is beautifully produced, and the fine series of illustrations, reproduced from old engravings, prints and paintings, are in every way admirable. Whitehall Palace, originally York House or York Place, was for many years the residence of the Archbishops of York, and did not come into the possession of the Crown until the days of Henry VIII., when, after Cardinal Wolsey had lavished large sums on rebuilding it in parts, it was delivered and demised to the King by charter at the time of the fall of that famous prelate. The old Palace of Wolsey and Henry VIII., who both added to it extensively, covered upwards of twenty-three acres, this including, of course, many courtyards and areas. It extended from Scotland Yard and Wallingford House on the north, to Cannon Row and the top of Downing Street on the south, and east and west from the Thames to St. James's Park. The site of that portion of the building which faced the river is occupied at the present day by Whitehall Gardens, Montagu House and the Board of Trade. Very little was done to improve the Palace in the reigns of Edward VI., Mary and Queen Elizabeth, but James I. had plans prepared by Inigo Jones for rebuilding it on a magnificent scale. Only the Banqueting Hall, however, came out of all these schemes, owing to lack of funds. Inigo Jones's plans were truly palatial in conception, and included a splendid river frontage, 1,152 feet in length, raised on piles. Charles I. seems to have desired to reconstruct the Palace, but the Civil War and money difficulties, probably, prevented his doing much, though he commissioned Rubens to paint the ceiling of the Banqueting Hall, and if Vandyck had lived would have had him paint the walls. His chief association with the Palace lies now in the fact that he went from it to his death, and the book contains many collated accounts of that last scene, when he emerged from a window in the Palace on to the scaffold. After the Restoration, Sir Christopher Wren was commissioned to make sets of designs for rebuilding. He drew up one set in the reign of Charles II., and two others in the reign of William and Mary, after the fire in 1698, which almost completely destroyed the Palace. After this great fire much of the site lay uncleared for some years, and was then leased by the Crown in parcels to various noblemen for the erection of town houses. Chief among these were Richmond House, where now stands Richmond Terrace; Montagu House, now the residence of the Duke of Buccleuch; Portland House, where now stands part of Whitehall Gardens; Gwydyr House; Carrington House, the site of the new War Office; Fif House, the residence of Lord Liverpool (Prime Minister from 1812 to 1827); Dover House, now the Scotch Education Department Offices; Stanhope or Dorset House, now occupied by the Treasury; and Wallingford House, now the Admiralty. In olden times the kitchens of the Palace were liable to be flooded at high tides, and there is an interesting passage in Charles II.'s speech to the Lords and Commons when he received them after his Restoration in which he makes pointed allusion to the rising of the water at Whitehall:—

The mention of my wife's arrival puts me in mind to desire you to put that compliment upon her, that her entrance into the town may be with more decency than the ways will now suffer it to be; and to that purpose I pray you would quickly pass such laws as are before you, in order to the mending of those ways, and that she may not find Whitehall surrounded with water.

The picture of life at Whitehall in the Restoration is sketched with sufficiency of detail to make one realise pretty vividly why Court life in those days was synonymous with scandal and corruption, while quite another aspect of the old Palace's varied history is given in the chapter dealing with Oliver Cromwell's occupancy of it. We have said enough, though, to show that the book teems with interest, and it is as scholarly as it is fascinating.



Messrs. Elkington and Co., Ltd., have just completed a very fine bust in bronze of the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, from special sittings given by him during his last visit to London. The bust, which is admitted by those who knew him best to be a good likeness of the great Statesman, is now on view at Messrs. Elkington's Galleries in Regent Street.

BUST OF MR. CECIL RHODES

"LIFE ON THE STAGE" *

Clara Morris is scarcely known to the English public, as she never would act here, but for years she has been one of the most prominent figures in America, and no less a person than Mary Anderson, in her preface, has said that she was "the greatest emotional actress I ever saw." This much we have to take on trust, but what no one need take on trust is the delightful personality which speaks throughout every page of this record of her experiences in winning her place. It is an autobiography full of humour and pathos, it reveals such plucky womanly feeling, and it is withal so gay, that not until one thinks about it soberly afterwards does one realise how bitter were the trials which the young actress went through. For this very reason one doubts whether it will avail, as Madame de Navarre says she hopes it may, "to stem the tide of girls who so blindly rush into a profession of which they are ignorant, for which they are unfitted, and in which dangers unnumbered lurk on all sides." It with Clara Morris's power and charm so much had to be offered, what is—what must be—the lot of so many mediocrities who pass through the same fires with no reward in the end. What, indeed! But one fears that they are more likely to be carried away than deterred by the splendid confidence and irrepressible spirits of the American actress, who, if she is half as delightful on the stage as within these covers, has, by not coming to London, deprived herself of an enthusiastic welcome, and her book of half its popularity. Ten people would have read the English edition for every one who will now open it if the name of Clara Morris only conveyed to the English public a familiar personality, and this is the more pity because so few good books on stage life appear, and this is one in a thousand.

"LIVING LONDON"

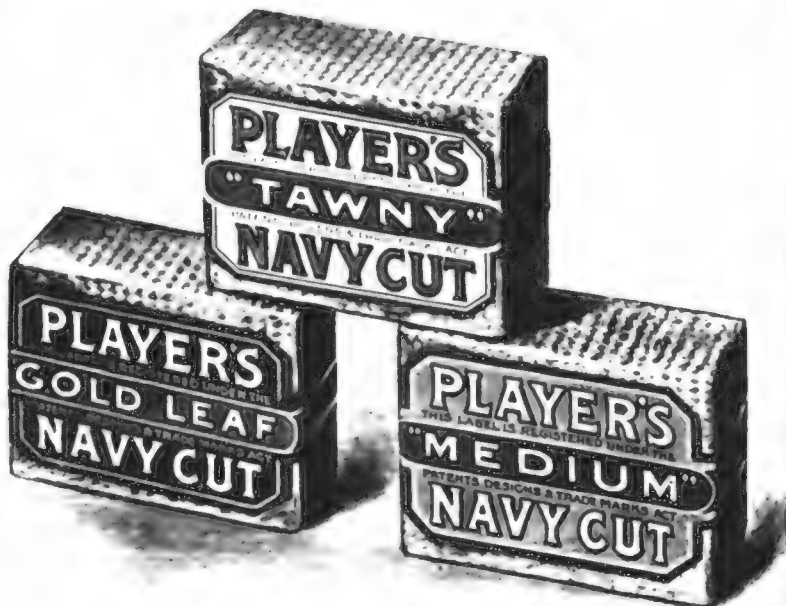
Messrs. Cassell and Co. have just issued the first volume of "Living London," edited by George R. Sims, and a very handsome quarto it makes, with its 450 illustrations. The idea embodied in it, indeed, is an excellent one, for every phase of London life comes under review and is strikingly illustrated. Scenes of social life in the West End alternate with descriptions of how the poor live in the East End. We see Londoners at work and at play, we see them sad and gay, and if it be true that one half of London has no conception of how the other lives, there will be no excuse for such ignorance any longer. A host of well-known authors contribute chapters on aspects of town life with which they are familiar. The editor, of course, knows much about evictions, kerf stone artists and the like. Mr. Kearton, the well-known photographer of wild life, writes about the Zoological Gardens, Mr. Braxton Hicks about coroner's inquests, Mr. Arthur Morrison about loafers, Major Arthur Griffiths about recruiting, Sir Wemyss Reid about clubland, Mr. Pett-Ridge about London in the early morning, and so forth, and the result is a work as vivid and interesting as it is novel in idea.

"A DAMSEL OR TWO"

Mr. Frankfort Moore's "A Damsel or Two" (Hutchinson and Co.) is a novel in his very best vein, full of epigrammatic sharpness, amusing situations, and lively satire. The start, it is true, is accompanied by a too perceptible creaking of the wheels of his

* "Life on the Stage: My Personal Experiences and Recollections." By Clara Morris. (Isbister and Co.)

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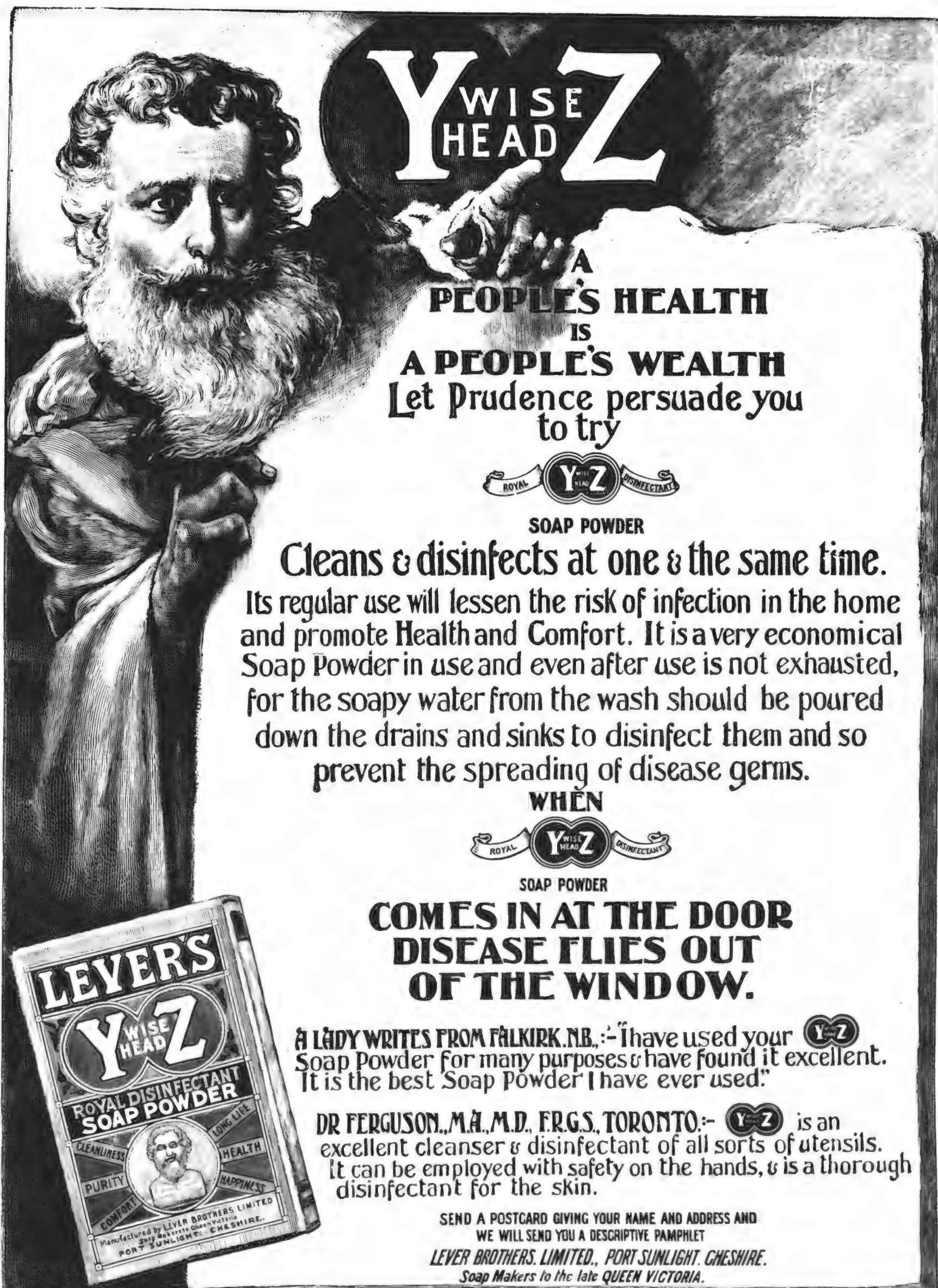
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with, and this should be noted, so that readers may not be prevented from enjoying an exceedingly smooth and pleasant run by any preliminary lack of promise. Occasionally, too, Mr. Moore seems to elaborate a whole situation for the sake of a single phrase, as when he makes one of his dainties or two engage in aesthetic cookery, in order to say "Let who will make the laws of my country, so long as I can make its salads." This, however, amounts to no worse a fault than an ingenuit too extreme to be concealed. The story is of comparative unimportance, but in following the career of two sisters who are more or less obliged to earn a living for themselves, it provides ample scope for the exposure of its inveterately and even grossly "handicapped" millionaire, or of its ladies of rank and fashion, who defraud musicians and other artists of their dues, and add to their incomes by touting for their dressmakers. How far, or if at all, the caps made up by Mr. Moore will fit wearers is, of course, no business of ours. In any case they are exceedingly "smart" bits of millinery, and the novel will be found pleasant to remember as well as amusing to read.

"THE DARK OF THE MOON"

It will be to the disadvantage of readers of Mr. S. R. Crockett's "The Dark of the Moon" (Macmillan and Co.) not to have kept his "Raiders" well in their minds, and to their advantage if they are acquainted with his "Standard Bearer" also. However,

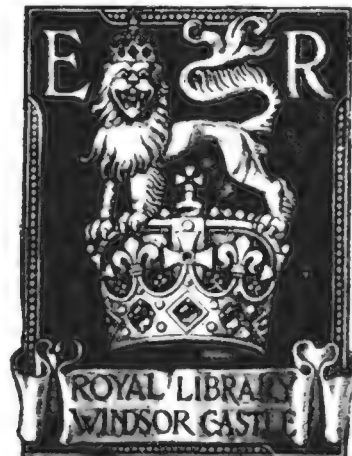
memories can easily be refreshed, and an incomplete acquaintance with the works of Mr. Crockett has an obvious remedy. The scene and period of this, the latest of them, is Galloway, *temp.* George I.; its action is mainly occupied with what would be called in more northern parts a "Crofters' rising" - though organised rebellion is a term more properly descriptive of an affair with which Dragons and Artillery failed to cope on more than equal terms. The outlawed Gipsy banditti, the Fens, are also well to the front, and altogether Galloway could hardly be considered a paradise well within two hundred years ago. Indeed, there are other drawbacks to any such consideration from the standpoint of "mere man." While Mr. Crockett's



naturally arise. We need hardly say that among them are more exciting adventures than there are chapters, and that Mr. Crockett's countless admirers have an unusual quantity of enjoyment before them, for the novel is unusually long.

"SARITA THE CARLIST"

Mr. Arthur W. Marchmont's new novel (Hutchinson and Co.) is a bustling story of combats against all manner of odds, deadly hand-to-hand struggles, jumping through windows, galloping for love or life, spies, assassins, and all the regular incidents of the historical novel in its current form. Mr. Marchmont's history is exceptionally well up to date, inasmuch as it deals with an attempted abduction



of the present King of Spain. It need not be said that the attempt is frustrated by a splendid young Englishman, one Ferdinand Carbone, later wards Lord Gilsfoyle, who, single-handed, rescues the young King from five armed Carlists. Indeed, not a few of the same hero's feats of prowess would verge upon the doubtful were he not, upon no less an authority than his own, a man of consummate honour as well as courage. Nor are his achievements in love of a less notable order. First a rich Anglo-American widow; the Sarita Castelar, the son of the Carlist cause; then the sister of the Spanish Prime Minister Quesada, go down before him like ninepins. For one anxious moment

The King has consented to the publication of fifty sets of proofs of the Royal Bookplates, with the view of adding to King Edward's Hospital Fund for London. The set consists of three plates, for insertion in various sized books, and was first done for Her late Majesty Queen Victoria in the years 1897 and 1898. They have since been altered to meet the requirements of the King, E.R., being substituted for V.R., and some slight modifications being made. The largest, for folios, contains the Royal Arms within the Garter, with supporters, crest and Imperial Crown. The Royal cypher is on the background, and the upper part of the design is decorated with badges which allude to the Garter, of which Most Noble Order Windsor may be considered the home and shrine. On either side is the sunburst badge of Edward III., the founder of the Order, surmounted on one side by the cross shield of St. George, its patron saint, and on

the other by the Tudor Rose of Henry VII., who completed the building of the chapel. The inscription is, "Ex bibliotheca regia in castro de Windsor." The second plate consists of the Arms and the Imperial Crown, with E.R. at the sides and the Union badge below the shield. The inscription is, "Royal Library, Windsor Castle." The third plate has the Royal Crest only, a lion statant garbant on an Imperial Crown, with the letters E.R. as before, and the inscription, as in the last, is on a scroll below. Each plate will have a remarque, probably the Union badge, and when the Coronation series of fifty copies has been printed the remarque will be removed, and no further sets will be obtainable. Applications will be registered in the order they are received, but cannot be executed for perhaps six weeks. A cheque for 5s. 8d., the price of each set, is to be sent to the Rev. W. E. Martlew, King Edward's Hospital Fund, 81, Cheapside, E.C.

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heroine-in-chief, Marion Tamson, literally "wore the breeks," as commander-in-chief of the revolted "Levellers," they seem to have been worn, metaphorically, but with aggressive and by no means mealy-mouthed tyranny, by every matron in Galloway. The men seem to have been rather poor creatures, and, considering their domestic circumstances, small wonder. The pivot of the plot is the obstinacy of young Maxwell Heron, who tells the story, in preferring to be thrown down Murder Hole by the Fens rather than marry the girl whom he loves, and who loves him, at any third person's bidding; and as the girl, naturally, fails to appreciate the chivalry of choosing to die rather than marry her, considerable complications

we half expected the fascination of the Queen Regent herself by this blatant and bounding young Briton. What adds to the complexity of the plot is that the beautiful and romantic Sarita is attached to the traitor and general scoundrel Quesada, while a certain homicidal rival is under the impression - not without reason - that it is to him. In short, the novel is a most an ideally representative specimen of "Breathless" fiction.

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literary preservation for scenes and characters that a newly risen generation is the worse off for not being able to remember. Miss Betham's story—we must needs say it—is of no account at all. But the people who take part in it, with their old-world talks and ways, when farmers were still a flourishing folk, and nevertheless lived as their forefathers lived a hundred years before them on the self same soil—these are depicted with all the sympathetic humour that then portraiture demands.

"IN THE SHADOW OF THE PURPLE"

Exceedingly written, defiant of grammar, and marred by errors that make one suspect some descendant of Mrs. Malaprop of having a hand in its revision, Mr. George Gilbert's "In the Shadow of the Purple: A Royal Romance" (John Long) is none the less among the most intensely interesting pieces of work that has recently appeared. It is the story of Mrs. Fitzherbert, told with a wealth and mastery of detail such as one is seldom able to welcome in these days of novelists in a hurry. Indeed, it is of such unquestionable value as a study of its subject and its period as to incline us to an opinion that its author would have done more justice to himself, to his theme, to his heroine, and to his readers by the production of an unadorned historical monograph, instead of throwing it into the form of a novel. Certain liberties which he admits to having taken, and the purely imaginary character of one of his most important and effective scenes, certainly suggest a comparison with "neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring." But, after all deductions, the balance is a fascinating rendering of a truly "royal romance" transcending invention. Mr. Gilbert's impartiality is as conspicuous as his industry—for example, while by no means holding a brief for the King, he finds more palliations, in respect both of character and conduct, than has been usual since Thackeray's day. He is, at any rate, far from being a Queen's man; and so far as he is to be considered a champion of Mrs. Fitzherbert, nobody is now likely to take the view that his chivalry has carried him in the least too far. Moreover, there is conspicuous ability in his portraiture of the notabilities of the time, both great and small.

The Royal Water-Colour Society

A SURPRISE is in store for the visitor. Heretofore, one exhibition has been pretty much like the preceding one, and the upholders of "tradition" have had it all their own way. The schools of stippled faces, of landscape in sombre tints and washes, or of brightly painted anecdotes more proper for oil than water-colour—these have held a certain sway in the exhibitions of the past, but the present display is quite different, for the general aspect is one of joyousness, brightness, and decoration. The fact is, the artists belonging to the modern group have told so heavily—even though Mr. Melville is absent—that the elder section, with all its classical knowledge, science, and practice, is to a great extent eclipsed. There are some who deplore the change—who lament that obvious carelessness of draughtsmanship, skill with the point, industry in the "working out," accurate rendering of the beautiful facts of nature in all their details, should give way to mastery and sweeping generalisation in the rendering of effects, and to the subordination of clean precision in drawing to easy handling and luscious massing of colour, be it bright or subdued.

The Society, clearly, has been very fortunate on the whole in the choice of its newer associates and members. Miss Fortescue Brickdale, with her strong colour and accidental composition—an echo from the Pre-Raphaelite School, re-echoed from Mr. Byam Shaw—is pleasantly seen in two drawings, "Vanity Disguised as Love," and "The Shrine," with just such quaint touches of imperfection as lend piquancy to the whole. Mr. Walter West reverts to an older method and forces his colour as Millais forced it in his "White Cockade" period—but is exquisite, gem-like and charming. He is over-precise and hard in the drawing of the funeral procession in Queen Victoria—"Passing Her Palace Gates"—in the contrast between the bright colour and the sombre crowd; but the attendant figures are finely handled. Again, in the beautiful "Little Quakeress," a malagany chair in the background is the most obvious object. Mr. Anning-Bell thinks less of school-correctness

in drawing than of pattern and style. Both of these are delightfully manifest in "The Battle of Flowers," quaint, bright, dainty, and excellent in line, and in the more serious "Pilgrim's Progress" and the figure called "Surprise." Mr. Reginald Barratt shows us what the true blinding white light of the desert is really like in "The Sphinx." Mr. Arthur Rackham displays his unusual gift of grim humour and dainty weirdness in drawings of a fairy-tale "Wizard" and "Ravens," and Mr. Paterson a couple of drawings of roses, pink and white, tenderly felt but impure in colour.

Besides these there are a number of drawings which must not be missed. "The Early Mists of Autumn," by Mr. E. A. Waterlow, is a really noble composition of landscape, dignified, yet not overstepping (as is often the case) the limits of what is permissible in water-colour. There are passages in Mr. Macbeth's "Ballad Seller" which, for colour and handling, are a perfect delight to every lover of the exquisite technical development of the medium. Mr. Lionel Smythe, too, makes colour tell in his "Farmyard, Château d'Honvault," as Turner might have done, and like a true artist makes a delightful falsehood appear to be the truth. The power and force of Mr. Henry's "Home Wind," the extraordinary cleverness of Mr. Henshall's "Rose Among the Roses," which nevertheless is not the most agreeable of his works; the vigour of Mr. Robert Allan in a drawing of a boat, "Drawn up for the Season" (but Mr. Allan, by the way, is getting too brown); the fine feeling of Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, mysterious and graceful, in the mystic "The Forest"; the masterly breadth and dignity (on a small scale) of Mr. Little in his tapestry-like landscapes; and the sombre power of Mr. Swan in his fine "Jaguar in His Lair," are important elements in the exhibition. But these are not all—Mr. Herbert Marshall, with convincing townscapes of London and a charming pearly bit of "Ambrose"; Mr. Goodwin with a theatrical, but imaginative, rendering of a Dantesque scene; Sir Francis Powell, Mr. Eynne Walker, Miss Rose Barton, Mr. Emslie, Mr. Hopwood, Mr. Thorne Waite, Mr. Clarence White, Mr. David Murray and Mr. Parsons are among those who make this exhibition a striking success.

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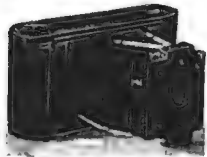
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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THERE is little geniality about this April, the east winds having checked the growth of vegetation everywhere, and the song birds being silenced by the same untoward cause. The only good thing about bitter east winds in April is the wholesale destruction of insect life which they cause. Entomologists who breed caterpillars on bushes in the open air find east winds cause more slaughter than all other bitter evils put together. The growth of the pastures being miserably backward, farmers are put to a sad expense over roots, hay and oilcakes; this will nullify the profits on cattle. The shrubs are as backward as the pastures, while chestnuts, laburnums and poplars are extremely slow in putting on their spring foliage. Mallows are not much more forward than they were at Easter. The nightingale has been in song near London since the 16th, but only intermittently, the cold nights being against the bird.

DEAR BEEF

An American Trust, which has a capital of £20,000,000, is stated to have been formed for the purpose of raising the price of beef, and a rise of twopence per pound at New York and a penny per pound in London is cited as evidence of the fact. The dearth in America is assigned by other reports to the partial failure of the maize crop, but we were not aware that American bullocks were fed on maize. The one fact which remains undisputed is the rise in the

price to the consumer. This is a temporary misfortune, but if it leads to English farmers rearing more cattle it may end in proving a lasting benefit. The most unhealthy thing about British agriculture of the last twenty years has been, that while pasture has gained largely on arable, the number of cattle kept on the wider area of pastureland has not increased.

THE DUTY ON CORN

The markets, after their first flutter of excitement, have settled down to the higher level of prices, which, if the duty alone governed matters, would be 1s. 1½d. per qr. on foreign heavy or best wheat, 1s. 0½d. per qr. on ordinary foreign wheat, 1s. per qr. on malting barley, 9d. per qr. on heavy oats, 1s. 0½d. per qr. on maize, and 1s. 0½d. per sack on flour. As a matter of fact, 2s. per qr. more money is asked for wheat, 1s. 6d. for barley, 1s. for oats, and 1s. 6d. for flour, maize holders alone being content with 1s. per qr. rise. The markets of 1869, after the repeal of the duty now reimposed, fell about 1s. 6d. per qr., but in a couple of months the decline was more than recovered. The influences of crop prospects are so much more potent than those of a small duty that when English and American new harvests loom in sight the Custom House charge ceases to excite attention or to "make" the price.

THE DUTY ON FLOUR

The duty on flour being of what is known as a preferential character, acts very differently to that on corn. In the case of some very cheap article, such as matches, it matters very little

whether the box at a penny contains two or three hundred, but if an identical box is sold at Smith's for a shilling the dozen, and at Jones's for a shilling the fifteen, Jones will get the most of the trade. The preferential duty will enable the English miller to be as Jones. He will buy American wheat at a threepenny duty, and grind it into flour, but the American flour competing with his product will have to pay a fivepenny duty. The difference is slight, but trade nowadays is cut very fine, and the English miller may easily find the difference enough to set his mills once more going full time. The Chancellor's Budget has been received with high approval by English millers, who sorely needed a stroke of luck!

"THE ROYAL"

The great annual show is made a fortnight later than usual this year, so as not to be interfered with by the Coronation festivities. It will open at Carlisle on July 7, and close on the 11th. Entries of live stock must be in by May 15, and a fee is saved if they are sent in before the end of the present month. Steady progress is being made in preparing the ground near Ealing for the permanent show-yard, but it is becoming increasingly evident that the establishment of London as the centre will not be accepted either by the North or the West. We may look forward, therefore, to the eventual establishment of regional shows under the Ministry of Agriculture, though the Royal, with its metropolitan headquarters, will, of course, retain precedence, and be still the principal agricultural show of the year.

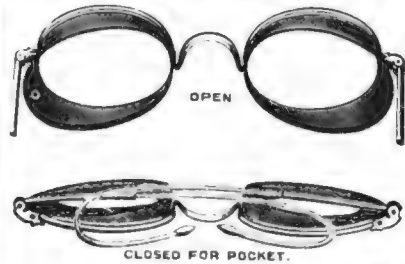
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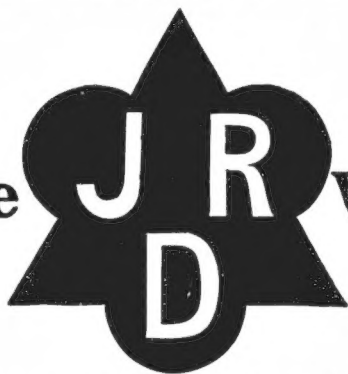
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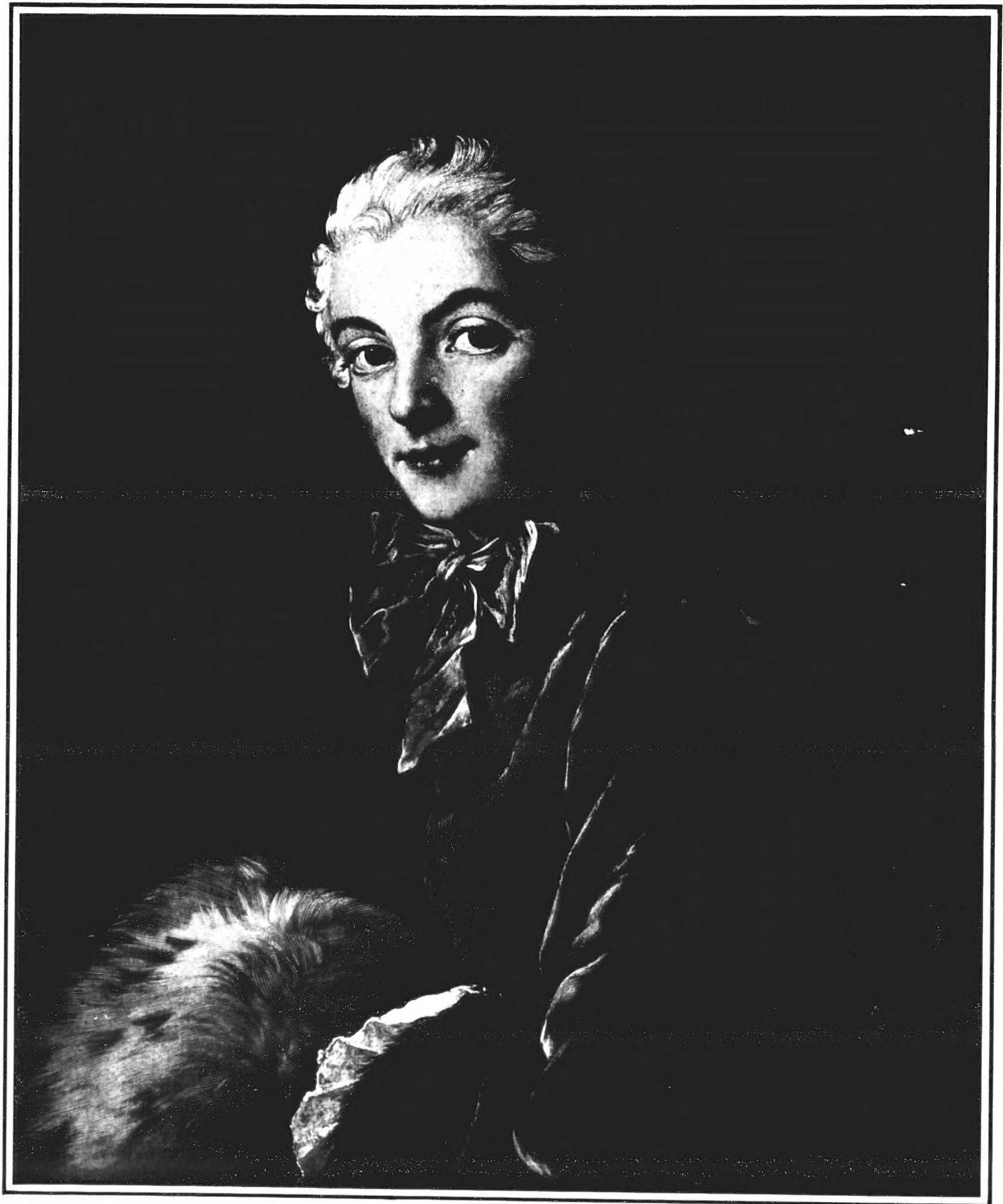
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